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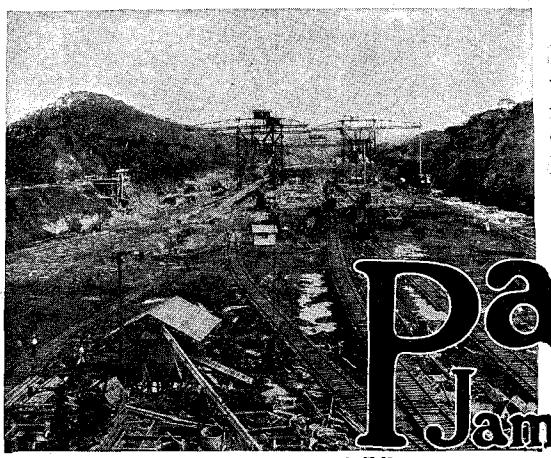

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The Outlook

DECEMBER 31, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

IS SENATOR LORIMER CLEARED?

The case of Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, has not been finally settled by the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate. The Committee has been investigating the charges of bribery and corruption made in connection with his election by the Legislature of the State of Illinois, and a majority, consisting of Senators Burrows, of Michigan, Depew, of New York, Dillingham, of Vermont, Gamble, of South Dakota, Heyburn, of Idaho, and Bulkeley, of Connecticut, Republicans; and Senators Bailey, of Texas, Paynter, of Kentucky, Johnston, of Alabama, and Fletcher, of Florida, Democrats, make the statement that "the title of Mr. Lorimer to a seat in the Senate has not been shown to be invalid by the use or employment of corrupt methods or practices." We say the case is not settled by this report, because we hope and believe that the Senate will now take the matter up in open session. This belief is founded on the fact that Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, Republican, has not signed the report, and may still express his dissent from the opinion of the majority. Senator Frazier, of Tennessee, Democrat, holds a dissenting opinion, which is expressed in the following language:

> The testimony taken by the Committee satisfies me that four members of the Legislature were paid money for voting for or in consequence of having voted for Senator Lorimer. One Senator and three Representatives [of the Illinois Legislature] admitted under oath before the Committee that they were paid money, and their admissions and the facts and circumstances surrounding the transactions satisfy me that they received it as a bribe for or in consequence of their votes for Senator Lorimer.

In view of the facts stated by Senator Frazier, the Senators who have signed the majority report cannot blame the country if it takes their opinion as an attempt to defend the dignity of the Senate by "whitewashing" an accused colleague. It appears to us that the Senate will now have to make a serious attempt to defend its dignity by taking the case into its own hands, and we hope that Senators Beveridge and Frazier will persist in their endeavor to have the whole matter made public on the floor of the Senate. In a criminal trial the judge is bound to charge the jury that they must acquit an accused prisoner if they entertain a reasonable doubt of his guilt; but the Senate is neither a court nor a jury, and it is an error to suppose that it is bound by the technical procedure of the criminal courts in considering such a case as that of Senator Lorimer. On the contrary, the Senators are bound to purge the august body to which they belong of the contamination that would come from their admission to membership of any man whom they are morally certain is guilty of corrupt election practices. This is especially true when moral certitude is reinforced by overwhelming and unimpeachable evidence on the records of regularly constituted courts. In a later issue of The Outlook we shall discuss more fully the legal aspects of this notorious case.

A COMMITTEE ON COMMITTEES

For half a century the Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington has appointed the various committees of the House. New committees have become necessary, and they are now sixty-two in number. The most important are the Committee on Ways and Means and the Committee on Rules, and one or the other of these committees may loom still

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larger in the Sixty-second Congress, which meets a year hence. The Democrats are to be in control, and about a hundred and fifty of the newly elected Democratic members have pledged themselves to a plan to make either the Ways and Means or the Rules Committee, preferably the former, a Committee on Committees, with power to arrange all committee appointments for the majority in the next House. To assure a broad composition of the Committee on Committees, it is planned that it should be geographical, somewhat as proposed last winter in the ingenious bill introduced by Representative Fowler, of New Jersey. Certainly the members of the Committee on Committees should represent, as far as practicable, every section of the country. Moreover, the members should have no other committee places whatever. Thus, by making the members ineligible for duty on any other committee and by giving to them the power to assign members to all other places, the importance in value of the Ways and Means Committee—if that be chosen for the experiment—ought, it would seem, to be decidedly augmented. Of the places to be filled by this Committee, the various chairmanships of committees are, of course, the most important; and in this connection we note that, of the ranking Democrats entitled to promotion to chairmanships under a Democratic régime, no less than forty-five, or about three-fourths of the total number, come from the South. But really the most notable fact to be chronicled is the celerity with which this plan has been decided upon. Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, prospective Speaker of the next House, has not been regarded as a Progressive. But no sooner had the November elections shown a Democratic triumph than Democratic as well as Republican Progressives began to declare for the reform of freeing the House from the Speaker's domination, by taking from him the power to name committees. Last week Mr. Clark fell in line. He would have the caucus elect the Committee on Ways and Means and also an enlarged Committee on Rules, and then empower one of those committees to select all the others, with the proviso, as above mentioned, that no member of any committee which selects committees shall be a member of any other committee. But Mr. Clark's moving motive is indicated by his statement that public sentiment in favor of the selection by the House of its committees seems to be strongest "in those debatable States where we must get the votes to elect the President and the House of the Sixty-third Congress in 1912. In all those States the independent vote is decisive and the independent voters appear to favor the election of the committees by the House. So let it be. The plan meets my approbation." In other words, Mr. Clark had to wait until the writing on the wall showed him that, to gain favor with independent voters, he must do exactly as those voters wish.

IMPROVED POST-OFFICE MANAGEMENT

Postmaster-General Hitchcock has every reason to be gratified that the net loss of the Post-Office for the last fiscal year was only about six million dollars, while for the previous fiscal year it was seventeen million dollars. But the very fact that in one year, by businesslike attention to efficiency, Mr. Hitchcock has been able to save eleven million dollars, which is five per cent of the year's gross business, and over sixty per cent of the previous year's loss, "without any curtailment of postal facilities," is the clearest possible demonstration that the Post-Office has been managed, at least up to Mr. Hitchcock's administration, in some respects, on an extravagant and wasteful scale. In his annual report just published Mr. Hitchcock narrates fifty important improvements in organization and method which have been made during the present administration, and recommends some further important reforms. Among the most desirable of these, in our judgment, are the establishment of a parcels post and the curtailment of the franking system, which is now unquestionably enormously abused. The Outlook for a number of years has urged that the mail now franked or carried free on Government business should, by the use of special stamps, be charged against each department of the Government using these free stamps and not charged to the Post-

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Office. This system Mr. Hitchcock now urges. Some of the extreme critics of government administration of public utilities have gone so far as to recommend that the business of the Post-Office should be turned over to a private corporation. We have no wish to advocate any such fantastic proposal; it is a public utility that pre-eminently should be managed by the Government; but if Congress and the Executive Department would cease to use the Post-Office for political purposes, and a man of Mr. Hitchcock's determination and energy could be made permanent Director-General of the Post-Office, with freedom to run it as efficiently, both for the stockholder (that is to say, the taxpayer) and the public, as the New York Telephone Company, for example, is run, present rates of postage would produce a very handsome profit. We are glad to express our sincere admiration for Mr. Hitchcock's achievement in the direction of postal efficiency; it is considerably tempered, however, by the recommendation which he makes regarding so-called second-class postage—a recommendation which we discuss fully elsewhere in this issue.

THE IMMIGRATION COMMISSION'S REPORT

In February, 1907, Congress provided for an Immigration Commission of nine members, six from Congress, three from outside, to "make full inquiry, examination, and investigation by sub-committee or otherwise into the subject of immigration." How thorough that inquiry has been is indicated by the fact that the results of it are said to occupy forty volumes not yet given to the public. The brief "statement of the conclusions and recommendations of the Immigration Commission" occupies a pamphlet of forty pages. The facts presented may be briefly summarized thus: In the recent movement, say from 1883, much more largely than formerly the immigrants come from southern and eastern Europe; are unskilled laborers; are less inclined to become citizens; are often only transient residents; herd by themselves; crowd into the cities and mining towns; are largely illiterate; are induced to come, through hope of earning large wages, by friends here, by labor agents, and by the steamship companies; the diseased can be and are excluded, criminals are not, to any considerable extent; but those immigrants who remain, and still more their children, are modified by their education and environment even in their physical development and the form of their head. The more important of the recommendations of the Commission may be summarized as follows: Care should be taken to secure immigrants who will become truly American. A slow industrial development which secures such a population is better than a rapid industrial development which fails to do so. Additional and more effective precautions should be taken against the importation of criminals; for the proper care and treatment of steerage passengers; for better judicial inquiry concerning immigrants at the port of entry; to protect the immigrant here against fraud; to co-operate with the States in securing a better distribution of immigrants; to lessen the immigration of unskilled laborers and of transient residents; and to exclude the immigration of illiterates. Chinese laborers should be excluded; the question of Japanese and Korean immigration should be allowed to stand without further legislation so long as the present method of restriction proves effective; and an understanding should be reached with the British Government for the more effective exclusion of East Indian laborers. On another page The Outlook discusses this report at some length.

SECRETARY BALLINGER AND THE COURTS

The Cunningham Claims discussion has brought the attention of the country to certain proposed reforms of procedure in the Land Office which, in our judgment, are not reforms at all, but are steps in a reactionary direction. Secretary Ballinger is apparently so convinced by the public discussion of his official methods that his decision in the particular Cunningham Claims would not be accepted as impartial, that he has advised that they be taken out of his hands, and their validity or non-validity be decided by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. But this is not the only, nor the most important, proposal

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to refer questions concerning land patents to the courts. Last May Secretary Ballinger caused to be drafted and recommended to Congress a bill providing for an appeal from the Commissioner of the Land Office to the courts in contested land patents on all questions of law. This suggestion of the Secretary's was approved by the President, and the bill was referred to the Public Lands Committee of the House. Of this Commitee, Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, is the Chairman, and his record in Congress indicates that he has been in the past opposed to the modern and Progressive Conservation policy. Under his direction the bill was amended so that appeals may be taken to the courts on questions of fact as well as of law. This bill is now before the House, and its passage has been urged both by the President and the Secretary of the Interior, and, so far as the public is aware, the President and the Secretary of the Interior have no objection to Mr. Mondell's amendment. If this bill is passed, the manifest effect will be to give the "big business interests" which are seeking land patents and which have the means to pay for litigation the opportunity to appeal, on all questions connected with the pre-emption of public lands, from the Executive Department of the Government to the courts. Our readers should bear in mind that there are here two distinct questions. One, whether the Cunningham Claims shall be specifically decided by the courts because in the present instance the Secretary of the Interior is incapacitated from rendering a decision; second, whether all future decisions with regard to the pre-emption of lands shall be made by the courts. We think that both questions should be decided in the negative. As to the Cunningham Claims, if the Secretary is incapacitated by his career and record from rendering a decision, the President himself should make the decision, and we are opposed to any general law which shall make it possible to throw land questions, before patent is issued, into the courts. In the first place, this is curtailing the power of the Executive, and practically makes the Land Office nothing more than a bureau for getting information. It is open to the same objection which The Outlook has often pointed out with regard to the system now prevailing in the New York municipal police force. A policeman is brought up on charges before the Commissioner, who is an executive. He is dismissed from the force on perfectly clear grounds of incapacity or of malfeasance. He can take his case to the courts, and in a great percentage of cases the vicious policeman is reinstated merely on grounds of legal technicality. The Outlook has often said that the executive department of the police force should have full power to discharge or punish policemen after a public hearing, and that the remedy for injustice is not a chain of long-drawn-out and complicated judicial processes, but a change of the executive if he does not do his duty properly. In our judgment, the protection of the public domain and the handling of the people's interest clearly form an executive function. The remedy is not an appeal to the courts, but the appointment of Secretaries of the Interior and Land Commissioners who are so capable in their attainments and so right-minded in their conception of human justice that their decisions, on the whole, will be sound and wise. Any case of injustice concerning the public domain may be more readily remedied by appeal to the President, the Chief Executive, than to any court in existence.

A RAILWAY OUT OF POLITICS

Those who have read "Coniston," one of the best stories of contemporary American life that has been published in many years, as well as Mr. Winston Churchill's other story of New Hampshire life, "Mr. Crewe's Career," are familiar with the spirit and methods manifested by the Boston and Maine Railroad in its past domination of New Hampshire politics. That the allegations of Mr. Churchill were founded on fact is now demonstrated by the public announcement that the new management of the Boston and Maine has withdrawn that corporation from any participation in political affairs in New Hampshire. With the entire approval of President Mellen, the head of the New Haven system, which has now come into active control of the Boston and Maine, Mr. Edgar J. Rich, General Solicitor of the Boston and Maine

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Railroad, will be solely in charge of such of the railway's matters as will come before the Legislature. The purely political attorneys have been discharged, the regular local attorneys are retained only on condition of refraining from participation in politics, even in their individual capacity. Nothing will be given to any public officer to influence him in the performance of his duty. The lobby has been done away with. This is the platform which President Mellen lays down, and we are convinced from President Mellen's speeches, from correspondence which has been made public, and especially from our knowledge of the high character and determination of Mr. Rich, that the company has every intention of living up to this platform. In taking this stand it is to be commended, not merely for a moral action, but for very excellent business common sense. The railways, as well as other great industrial corporations, are beginning to find out that secrecy and corruption does not pay, and that publicity and action in the open does. This new attitude of the Boston and Maine toward New England politics is one of the excellent fruits of the consolidation of the New Haven system and the Boston and Maine. But the people of New Hampshire will not enjoy this fruit unless they also do their part to protect and cultivate it. If the railway finds that a sincere attempt to administer its legal affairs with integrity brings down upon it blackmail or injustice, it might be tempted to take up again the old methods of corrupt self-protection. The people of New Hampshire should not in the least relax their effort to regulate the railway efficiently, but they should be scrupulous in doing it justice. If in the matter of taxes, or in the matter of rates, the people, through the Legislature, do not show a sense of fairness and justice, and even of reasonable generosity, towards the railway, they will have only themselves to thank if the situation drifts back into the old atmosphere of bribery and domination. The conditions now prevailing in New Hampshire make that State an important center of political reform; the whole country will watch with interest to see how the progressive citizens who are in control of the politics of the State meet the overtures of a great and powerful corporation which, openly confessing past sins, earnestly professes the desire to establish a good character in the future, and actually takes the first steps to establish such a character.

SUBWAYS FOR NEW YORK

The vexed problem of more subways for New York City has moved a step forward toward solution, while at the same time it has taken on a new phase which may make it still more difficult of solution. The Outlook reported two weeks ago that a fundamental question confronted the city, which must be answered one way or the other before choice could be made between rival subway plans. That question is, Shall the city in its future subway development adopt the principle of monopoly in operation or the principle of competition in operation? The city has already, it must be remembered, adopted the principle that all subways must be *owned* by the city; the only question is, How shall they be operated? The Public Service Commission has answered this question in favor of monopoly. In a letter to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment the Commission expresses its conviction that the acceptance of the offer of the Interborough Company, made several weeks ago, provided certain modifications can be agreed upon, would be for the best interests of the city. For this conclusion the Commission gives several reasons:

First, the Interborough agrees to operate future extensions to the system as they may be built by the city.

Second, the city would have the power, after the lapse of ten years, to take over the extensions now to be built, and, by constructing a few connecting links, have a distinct and comprehensive subway system.

Third, construction can be begun at once, and relief obtained most quickly.

Fourth, the terms of operation of the present subway and the proposed extensions can be so arranged that the entire system will revert to the city at the same time.

Fifth, the city will have to provide only fifty-three million dollars as against a hundred or more million dollars under any other plan.

Sixth, there will be a single five-cent

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fare and free transfers over the same system.

Seventh, the Pennsylvania Railroad Station will be connected with the main subway system of the city.

Eighth, the plan embraces two important connections of the elevated railway with the Borough of Queens, one by the means of the Steinway Tunnel and the other by the Queensborough Bridge.

The Interborough proposition must now be acted upon by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, for no subways can be built in the city without the approval of that body, which must vote the necessary money. It is known that two members of the Board, who possess six votes out of sixteen, are strongly opposed to the principle of monopoly and committed to the principle of competition. Mayor Gaynor, with three votes in the Board, is known to be friendly to the Interborough proposal; but just how the Board will eventually align itself on the proposal made by the Public Service Commission cannot be safely predicted. The McAdoo proposal for the equipment and operation of the Triborough route, which was described in The Outlook two weeks ago, is no longer before the city. The McAdoo Company is convinced that there could be no fair comparison between the details of the Interborough proposal, based on the fundamental principle of monopoly, and its proposal based upon the fundamental principle of competition. The Company believed that the city must decide between monopoly and competition before it could determine which offer it would accept. It therefore did not renew its proposal when the time limit originally set for its acceptance or rejection had expired. The McAdoo proposal, however, has done two great public services. It has forced from the Interborough Company a vastly more advantageous offer than it ever had been willing to make before; it has shown that private capital is not afraid to undertake the operation of a second subway system like the Triborough. The Interborough offer has been shown by the Public Service Commission to have many attractive features. The Outlook, however, believes, as it has already declared, that the principle of competition is an important one to be maintained in transit development in a city like New York. In the confusion of New York's subway situation two things at least are clear. The city needs more subways; and before it can obtain them the Public Service Commission and the Board of Estimate must agree on the plans for their construction. It is the duty of every member of both parties to do his utmost to bring about an agreement which shall "make the dirt fly" at the earliest possible moment.

THE SUGAR TRUST STILL IN TROUBLE

As already reported in The Outlook, eight officers and individuals connected with the Sugar Trust were criminally indicted more than a year ago for forming a conspiracy, in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, to obtain the control and suppress the competition of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company. The attorneys for two of the defendants, one of the latter being Gustav E. Kissel, a banker of high personal and family standing in New York City, made the plea that they were exempt from prosecution under the statute of limitations. The lower courts sustained this plea, and the Supreme Court, to which the Federal Government appealed, reverses that decision. To put the matter in plain language, the plea of the defendants was that the three years, after which the statute of limitations says a man cannot be prosecuted for a criminal act of this character, had elapsed before the indictment was found. The Supreme Court decides that the statute of limitations does not apply in this case, for a conspiracy is not merely committed on the day when conspirators make their agreement, but continues to be committed as long as criminal acts are performed by conspirators in pursuance of that agreement. In other words, "a conspiracy may have continuance in time." The case is therefore sent back to the court of original jurisdiction, and the indicted defendants must be tried upon the question as to whether their acts were in fact illegal. The famous Knight case is also involved in this decision, for the lower court will now have to determine whether the precedent established by the Knight case justifies the defendants in their

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assertion that the closing of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company was legal and not a conspiracy under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The defendants have a right, in explanation of the predicament in which they find themselves, to remind the public that the Department of Justice during Mr. Roosevelt's Administration was of the opinion that the Knight case established a precedent which made a successful prosecution of these defendants by the Government impossible. The old management and methods of the Sugar Trust have been proved in open court to be so honeycombed with vicious practices that no man intimately associated with them can hope to escape public condemnation. But this condemnation should be based on justice, and The Outlook regrets that in its original comment on the case it did Mr. Kissel a serious injustice. The alleged conspiracy turned upon a loan to Mr. Adolph Segal, of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, of one and a quarter million dollars, a sum which enabled the Sugar Trust to obtain control. The loan was obtained through Mr. Kissel, and in its original comment The Outlook intimated that Mr. Segal was duped by Mr. Kissel "into falling under control of the Trust." Facts brought out in court and in a recently published letter by Mr. Segal make it clear that this charge of personal dishonor in dealing with Mr. Segal was unfounded. Whether the making of the loan was an act of conspiracy in restraint of trade the court will decide, but as an individual dealing with an individual there is every reason to believe that Mr. Kissel's relations with Mr. Segal were entirely upright and honorable and were so regarded by Mr. Segal himself.

HIDDEN DANGERS

The explosion in the Grand Central transformer house in New York on Monday of last week brought death to eleven persons, injured several scores of people, and created a scene of havoc and confusion for blocks around. That such widespread devastation should be caused by some terrific explosive like dynamite was the natural conclusion, and when it was attributed to gas-leakage the explanation was at first received with skepticism, although it now seems beyond question the correct solution. Here, then, is the real point of interest, apart from the sympathy one feels for the victims of such a disaster—the immense importance of guarding a large city against the dangers involved in the storage or transportation of all explosives, gas as well as dynamite. In this case a train of work cars smashed into a wall and broke a pipe through which the Pintsch illuminating gas used to light the trains passed from the tanks at high pressure. No one seemed to realize the importance of instant action, and presently the gas, confined under a building, took fire from some unknown cause, disaster followed, and rumors of wholesale slaughter excited the city and the country. The Explosives Commission say that there is even greater danger in the transportation of this gas in tank cars through the tunnel than in storing it in tanks at the station, and has directed the railway officials to have their trains supplied with gas above the Harlem. Fire Commissioner Waldo says that when he came into office he found the regulations about explosives and combustibles inadequate; a commission is considering the subject, and radical regulation may follow. On the very day of the explosion a witness before the Legislature's Insurance Investigating Committee declared: "There are half a dozen spots in New York City which are conflagration breeders, full of fire germs. We've got right here conditions that are as bad as the earthquake hazard which was responsible for the great San Francisco disaster." The dangers of our great cities had other distressing examples last week. In Chicago Fire Chief Horan and twenty-four of his men lost their lives at a million-dollar blaze in the Nelson Morris packing plant at the stock-yards. In Philadelphia fourteen persons lost their lives at the destruction of the Friedländer Morocco Company's plant. In Cincinnati three persons lost their lives in a $2,500,000 fire; an entire block in the manufacturing district was destroyed. In all three cities the firemen's work was hampered by frozen hydrants, the flames thus gaining great headway before a sufficient number of lines could be got into action. The heroism and devotion of the firemen in these disasters, and especially in Phila-

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delphia, was as noble as that of soldiers in battle.

FARMERS AND THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT

The great deputation of farmers, representing all the provinces of Canada, that was in conference with Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Ottawa on the eve of the adjournment of the Dominion Parliament for the Christmas vacation was without precedent in Canadian or British political history. It constitutes a new departure in British procedure. Deputations to Ministers at Westminster and at Ottawa are a usage of long standing, and there must always be such deputations where Cabinet Ministers are responsible to the House of Commons and are retained in power by majorities in that chamber. The remarkable feature of the Ottawa deputation was its extraordinary size, its representative character, and the outspokenness with which it laid before the Prime Minister its case for tariff reform and for other measures. There were eight hundred members of the deputation, and they came from provinces as far apart as British Columbia and Prince Edward Island. The idea of the conference with the Premier originated in the prairie provinces. It grew out of the deputations from grain-growers' organizations which met Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he was in the West in the summer of 1910. The questions which thus aroused the West were: (1) Lower duties in the tariff and reciprocity with the United States; (2) Government ownership and operation of terminal elevators at the Lake Superior ports of Port Arthur and Fort William; (3) the construction and operation by the Government of a railway that shall give the prairie provinces an outlet for their grain by way of Hudson Bay; (4) the establishment and operation by the Government of plants for the chilled meat trade; and (5) the enactment of a measure granting Dominion as distinct from provincial charters to co-operative productive and distributing societies on the English model. With the exception of the demand for lower duties on agricultural implements, a reciprocity treaty with the United States, and a uniform reduction on all imports from Great Britain, these demands are peculiarly prairie province questions. They are all questions which have been much agitated since the grain-growers became well organized and in a position to make known the measures which they regard as necessary for the development of the grain-growing industry. The first idea was a great deputation from the prairie provinces to Ottawa. But as soon as this was settled upon, the Council of Agriculture, a Dominion-wide organization, came into the movement, and it was decided that as the tariff was a matter that concerned all the farmers of Canada, all the provinces should be represented. Four hundred representatives of the grain-growers' organizations traveled from Winnipeg by two special trains. There was a special train for the representatives of the grangers' and farmers' organizations of Ontario, who numbered nearly three hundred, and nearly one hundred delegates came from the provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. All the delegates reached Ottawa on the morning of the day preceding the conference, and a large part of the first day was given up to a convention in the opera-house, at which the case of the farmers was formulated for presentation to the Premier. The conference next day was in the chamber of the House of Commons.

THE DEMANDS OF THE FARMERS

The tariff, reciprocity, and the Hudson Bay railway were the questions on which most emphasis was laid. On the tariff there was more outspoken utterance even than when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in the West in July and August, when he was first made aware of the widespread dissatisfaction in the prairie provinces with the Tariff Act of 1907—by which many duties were increased, and many inroads in the British preference were made, at the instance of members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. There were many speakers on this grievance of the farmers, and, as was the case when the Premier was in the West, the pledges of the Liberal party before 1896 were recalled and contrasted with the protectionist tariffs for which the Liberal Government has been responsible since 1897. It was urged that there was no

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need for another tariff commission, such as was promised by Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he was in the West, and that in the 1910–11 session of Parliament reductions in duties should be made and the British preference extended by a uniform reduction of one-half in the duties of the tariff of 1907. Furthermore, at this stage of the conference there was a declaration on behalf of the grain-growers of the West and the granges of Ontario that they did not desire to see protective duties imposed on farm products imported into Great Britain in order that a preference might be conceded to Canada. In reply Sir Wilfrid Laurier intimated that he was in favor of a reciprocal arrangement with the United States to cover natural products, but that he was apprehensive that reciprocity in manufactured goods would not be easy to arrange. "There are," he said, "difficulties in this which no government can ignore, and we are not ignoring them." This was in effect a reiteration of two declarations he made in the West, that in arranging for reciprocal trade the vested interests of Canadian manufacturers must be safeguarded. On the general question of tariff reductions Sir Wilfrid Laurier was less explicit than when he was in the West, and less sympathetic with the case of the farmers and the grain-growers. All that he said was that, with reciprocity negotiations in progress with the United States, it was not expedient to revise the tariff in the present session. As regards the Hudson Bay railway he announced that the Government was ready to build it. "Government ownership," he added, "is not altogether in my line, but I think I can go that far. Government operation is a matter as to which we shall give all due weight to your representations." The Premier's most satisfactory answer from the point of view of the Western men was as to terminal elevators. Frauds have been perpetrated on a large scale in connection with these—frauds which have been harmful to the standing of prairie province grain in the markets of the world; and the Premier announced that a bill was in preparation providing for Government ownership of terminal elevators. The leaders of the movement pretended to no satisfaction with the Premier's statement as to the tariff, and to no sympathy with his attitude towards a wide measure of reciprocity.

THE FINAL ROCKEFELLER GIFT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

John D. Rockefeller has made a gift to the University of Chicago of ten millions of dollars, and terminated official relations with that institution. In his letter accompanying this magnificent reinforcement of the resources of the University Mr. Rockefeller characterizes his gift as final. He recognizes the fact that it is better that the University should be supported and enlarged by the gifts of many than by those of a single donor, and declares that from the beginning he has endeavored to assist the University by stimulating the interest and securing the contributions of many others, at times making his own gifts conditional on the gifts of others. The citizens of Chicago and the West have generously responded to these efforts, and the University has received more than seven millions of dollars from other donors. Mr. Rockefeller expresses his appreciation of the extraordinary wisdom with which the University was planned and its early policy determined, of the fidelity with which the officers and trustees of the University have conducted its affairs, and declares that his highest hopes have been far exceeded by the number of students, the high character of the institution established so early in its career, the variety and extent of original research conducted by it, the valuable contribution to human knowledge it has made, and its great and inspiring influence on education throughout the West. In making an end of his gifts and withdrawing his personal representatives from the Board of Trustees, Mr. Rockefeller says that he is acting on an early conviction that the University, being the property of the people, should be controlled, conducted, and supported by the people. One million five hundred thousand dollars is to be set apart at his request for the building of a great University chapel, which shall embody the architectural ideals expressed by the buildings already constructed, and so placed that these buildings shall seem to have caught their inspiration from the chapel. In this way the group of University build-

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ings, with the chapel centrally located and dominant in its architecture, will proclaim that "the University in its ideal is dominated by the spirit of religion, all its departments are inspired by the religious feeling, and all its work is directed toward the highest ends." The balance of this gift is left in the hands of the trustees of the University, without restriction. Mr. Rockefeller has now given to the University of Chicago the noble endowment of thirty-five millions of dollars, assuring its future and equipping it for highest efficiency in the educational field. It was the great good fortune of the donor and of the University to secure a man of the ability, courage, and working power of President William R. Harper to organize and direct the institution in its early stages. His energy, scholarship, and broad view of what was needed and could be done for education in the Central West put the institution in a place of leadership from the beginning, and it has secured throughout the Central West and the South an influence quite incalculable in its stimulus and beneficence. It should be added, in justice to Mr. Rockefeller, that never from his first gift has he interfered in any way, directly or indirectly, with the management of the University; that he refused to allow it to bear his name, and that he has given its trustees and faculty an absolutely free hand. If there has ever been a time in its career when its policy has seemed to defer to his wishes, it has not been because those wishes found any expression from him.

THE TYPHOID FLY

The old description of a man of mild and gentle disposition as one "who would not hurt a fly" no longer carries with it the old intimation of praise. The fly has been found out. He is known to be not only a nuisance but a danger, an enemy not only to peace but to health. He has received a new name, the typhoid fly—a name which suggests the function he is adapted by birth, physical structure, mental inclination, and personal habits to discharge. The typhoid fly is a carrier of disease—typhoid, cholera infantum, and other intestinal diseases. He breeds in dirt, the manure pile, the outhouse, the rubbish pile, or the garbage can. He lives upon dirt. His spongy feet pick up filth and disease germs and carry them into the house to the food you eat, the liquids you drink, and the dishes you use. He has been called "the fly who does not wipe his feet—until he comes into the kitchen." He performs no useful service; he is indefatigable in his appointed task of conveying dirt and disease germs from the foul surroundings where he is born and lives to the places where your food is prepared and eaten. He is a nuisance, but he is a preventable nuisance. And every good citizen should become, not one "who would not hurt a fly," but one who will do everything in his power to aid in his extinction. The fly formed the subject of one of the most interesting sessions of the American Civic Association at its Convention in Washington ten days ago. The Association is carrying on, through its Fly-Fighting Committee, a vigorous campaign against this dangerous pest. The Committee reported progress, showing that many communities, municipal and State, were taking up the matter, and describing results which had been obtained where the fight had been systematically waged. Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the National Bureau of Entomology, and Dr. Woods Hutchinson, of New York, described the nature, habits, and baleful achievements of the fly, and suggested measures for his elimination. A series of moving pictures showed graphically the life history of the fly, from the egg to maturity. The Civic Association's Committee, which is headed by Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., of New York, is doing admirable work in educating the public to the menace from the typhoid fly and in arousing and assisting communities to work for the fly's extinction.

HOW TO ABOLISH THE FLY

The fly is a danger which comes home to every family. And each family can do much to minimize the danger. But the great work must be done by the families in a community working together. A bulletin of the American Civic Association gives a series of rules for dealing with the fly. They are so admirable that we print them entire:

Flies breed in horse manure, decaying vegetables, dead animals, and all kinds of filth.

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Not less than 95 per cent of the pests are bred in the stable.

All stables should have a manure bin with a door at the side and a wire screen on the top, that the larva deposited in the manure before it was placed in the bin will be screened when hatched; and as flies seek light and come to the top of the bin, they can be easily killed by burning paper or some other device.

The fly has a thirst only equaled by his hunger; place a dish of poisoned water in the stable and a greater part of the flies hatched there will be killed.

Flies are nature's scavengers, fulfilling the same function that some bacteria do, but become an intolerable nuisance and danger when entering human dwellings and by contamination of food.

The presence of flies is a direct evidence of careless housekeeping and of the existence of filth in some form about the premises, and are more dangerous than the good housekeeper's terror found in bedrooms.

Remember that wherever absolute cleanliness prevails there will be no flies. Look after the garbage cans. See that they are cleaned, sprinkled with lime or kerosene oil, and closely covered.

Remove all manure from stables every three or four days, and when removed keep in a tight pit or vault, so flies cannot breed in it.

Lye, chloride of lime, or blue vitriol water, crude carbolic acid, or any kind of disinfectant may be used.

Keep flies away from the kitchen. Keep flies out of the dining-room and away from the sick, especially from those ill with contagious diseases.

Screen all food. Apply this rule not only to food prepared at home, but to foodstuffs offered for sale, and especially fruits, salads, and all other things which do not require to be cooked.

Prevent consumptives from expectorating where flies can feed upon it.

To clear rooms of flies carbolic acid may be used as follows: Heat a shovel or any similar article and drop thereon twenty drops of carbolic acid. The vapor kills the flies.

A cheap and perfectly reliable fly poison, one which is not dangerous to human life, is bichromate of potash in solution. Dissolve one dram, which can be bought at any drug-store, in two ounces of water, and add a little sugar. Put some of this solution in shallow dishes, and distribute them about the house.

Sticky fly paper, traps, and liquid poisons are among the things to use in killing flies, but the latest, cheapest, and best is a solution of formalin or formaldehyde in water. A spoonful of this liquid put into a quarter of a pint of water and exposed in the room will be enough to kill all the flies.

To quickly clear the room where there are many flies burn pyrethrum powder in the room. This stupefies the flies, when they may be swept up and burned.

If there are flies in the dining-room of your hotel, restaurant, or boarding-house, complain to the proprietor that the premises are not clean.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT OF UNIVERSITIES

What we believe to be a unique event in the educational history of the country is the attempt of the Carnegie Foundation to determine the academic efficiency of American colleges and universities by methods which are now universally accepted in determining the industrial efficiency of great manufacturing enterprises, such as the United Steel Corporation. Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, who is a well-known exponent of the philosophy of scientific management of which we have heard so much during the past two or three months in connection with the administration of railways, was selected to make the investigation, and his report has just been published. Dr. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation, says that the reason for this investigation is found partly in the new and large problems which the colleges are facing, and partly in the criticisms of American colleges and universities made during the past few years by business men. There has been some disposition on the part of the university graduates to poke fun at this investigation and its conclusions. It is not unnatural for the "college man" to feel that a college or university is superior to a factory or a steel mill; this feeling of superiority in its extreme form is one of the defects of academic education. It is also true that a college or a university is to be tested by the character and the quality of its graduates, and that human character is not to be determined by statistics, mathematical measurements, or laboratory tests. President Garfield came much nearer the true measure of the university than any amount of statistics could bring him when he said, "My idea of a college is a log with Dr. Hopkins [the famous President of Williams College] at one end and a student at the other." Nevertheless, the university man, and especially university teachers and administrators, will make a great mistake if they dismiss Mr. Cooke's report in a cavalier spirit without giving it a careful examina-

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tion. Mr. Cooke's effort has been, he says, to confine his observation entirely to those features of college and university work which are affected by business considerations. A large part of the field is therefore not treated in any way. It is quite clear that on the side of the financial administration universities and colleges can learn some useful lessons from the industrial world. The institutions which Mr. Cooke investigated are Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Wisconsin, and Toronto Universities, Williams and Haverford Colleges, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The smallest of these, Haverford, has a plant worth one million five hundred thousand dollars. The largest, Harvard, has a plant worth twelve millions. Aside from any question of the intellectual life of the university or college, it is to be seen at once that the administration of such plants as these is an important question in itself, and the excellent spirit in which Mr. Cooke touches the intellectual life is indicated by the following quotations:

> Too much importance cannot be given, I think, to the order which obtained throughout the laboratory at the University of Toronto. I have never seen an industrial or commercial plant of any kind maintained in as good style. The floors were clear, and in every instance the tables showed that the man who had last worked at them had made the condition in which he left them a matter of some thought. The apparatus as it was placed in the cabinets was put away in such a manner in the assigned places that any one familiar with the system could locate it. . . . The research rooms in this laboratory could not have been kept in better order, and an inquiry made at every place I went indicated that the scientific results of the work done in this laboratory were of a superior character.

It is impossible in short compass to touch on all the features of this report, but we select two as of special interest to teachers. First, in the industrial world it is axiomatic that inspection must be performed by some one else than the person who does the work. Hence Mr. Cooke suggests that it might be well to divorce the teaching and examining functions. In the largest institutions a Bureau of Inspection might have as its work the conducting of examinations. Second, among the faculties and teaching forces of American colleges, Mr. Cooke calls attention to what he defines as inbreeding—that is to say, it is too often the policy of the college, perhaps even of the university, instead of looking for the best man in the field, to select its teachers from among its own graduates.

DR. BRADFORD'S RESIGNATION

So rare is a pastorate of forty years in a greatly changing community that its termination is a matter of general interest, especially when forced by permanently crippled health. In May, 1909, The Outlook recorded the unusual testimonial of a public dinner tendered by the citizens of Montclair, New Jersey, to Dr. Amory H. Bradford in the fortieth year of his ministry there. He has steadily refused all calls which have sought to draw him to service in larger cities in this country and in Great Britain. The mandatory call that has induced his resignation was dictated by enfeebled health. The prospective vacancy is one the difficulty of filling which is indicated by the statement that a year of search for a suitable coadjutor to him in the pastorate has been fruitless. Montclair, which has grown from a village to a city during Dr. Bradford's ministry, is peculiarly fortunate in having retained him so long, and he not less fortunate in the well-deserved appreciation of the community he has devotedly served. His years of service on the editorial staff of The Outlook, and of leadership in the Congregational churches as Moderator of their National Council, are representative of a varied activity, whose limit is now widely regretted as prematurely reached. The *nunc dimittis* now uttered by one so enviably rich in personal worth, in public esteem, in devoted friends, in the long record of a blameless and fruitful ministry, hard though it was to speak and hear, carries with it the consolatory refrain, *Well done.*

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE CAR

The passing of the horse cars on the crosstown roads on Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets in New York marks the approaching end of an era. A great many otherwise progressive people have taken a keen interest in the occasional appearance of these antiquated conveyances, and have got on and off

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with an unwonted sense of security. They reminded one of those old times, so dear to occasional newspaper correspondents who on the slightest provocation rush into print with reminiscences of New York of the forties or fifties, when Broadway was crowded with omnibuses, and, when the sleighing was good, with long omnibus sleighs, and the air was merry with the jingle of bells, and the street reflected the happy faces of those who rode on runners. These ancient horse cars served another purpose: they afforded unlimited satisfaction to visitors from the West and South who gloated over these evidences of the slowness of New York, and when they went home told their neighbors tales of the primitive character of the conveniences of life in the metropolis. It is a pity that some one did not think decades ago of preserving a section of the old city where people, tired of the contemporary tumult and rush, could go for quiet and meditation; where no sound should break the silence but the leisurely jingle of the horse car or the bell of the scissors-grinder. It is now too late; and the approaching disappearance of the horse car indicates further obliteration of the ancient landmarks.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF SENATORS

The New York "Sun" reports some interesting orders of United States Senators for articles for their personal use paid for by the Government. A study of this list will furnish valuable biographic data for the historian of the future. The orders on local druggists indicate a wide range of needs, from cologne and silk-hat brushes to court plaster and hair tonic. One Senator appears to have been profoundly moved by the associations of St. Patrick's Day; for on that festive occasion he sent nearly one hundred messages by telegraph, a record which he hardly surpassed when the fight on the tariff was at its fiercest. Another Senator of picturesque taste appears to have been a constant and interested reader of a journal of fashion, and several Senators expended Government money in photographs, penknives, scissors, and even for the rental of sewing-machines. These are small matters concerning men of great position; but they are interesting as showing how thoroughly human are the needs of so august a person as a member of the United States Senate. There is a fine chance here for some organ of gossip to tabulate the needs of individual Senators as the basis for psychological analyses of character; the application of realistic methods to the study of the political temperament.

COMPROMISE OR JUSTICE

Last week, at Washington, the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes held a Conference. Among the speakers were President Taft, Secretary Knox, Senator Root, Justice Brown, President Eliot, Governor-elect Baldwin, Professor Gregory, Joseph H. Choate, and Andrew Carnegie. The Society was organized to hasten the establishment of an International Court of Justice. The Outlook has repeatedly called attention to the fact that the present so-called "Permanent Court of Arbitration" at The Hague is, strictly speaking, neither permanent nor a court. A proper Court of Justice has not come into being because the Powers are not agreed as to the method of selecting the judges. In order to bring this about, public opinion must be created, and, when the court itself does come into being, public sentiment must be created to compel the nations to resort to the court whenever international controversies arise. Hence the reason for the Society's existence. In this spirit, the Conference at Washington last week accomplished two things. It aided Mr. Root, Mr. Knox, and others who are bending their energies towards the realization of a proper court, and it also contributed to the strengthening of public sentiment. The scope of questions to be submitted at The Hague bids fair to be considerably enlarged, should the nations follow the ideal set forth by President Taft in his speech before the Conference, that *all* questions, even those of international honor, be brought within the limits of arbitration treaties. As Mr. Carnegie pointed out, we have already three examples of such agreements between nations, namely, Argentina and Chile, Norway and Sweden, Belgium and Holland. Moreover, since the establishment of the permanent Court of Arbitration by the First Hague Conference in 1899, no less than one hundred and thirty-

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three general treaties of arbitration, relating to possible future disputes, have been negotiated. More drastic arbitration treaties would doubtless be entered into if, in addition to an International Court of Arbitration whose decisions are based on compromise, there should be an International Court whose decisions would be based solely upon justice.

A CHRISTMAS IN MID-AFRICA

Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, is in my eyes a very attractive little town. As it lies almost on the equator, it is never cold; but the table-land stretching between the coast and the vast lakes of Central Africa is so high that the nights are rarely unpleasantly hot, and are often cool enough to make a man sleep soundly under blankets. In the middle of the town, in the business part, the stores and other buildings stand close together; but the town is scattered over a wide stretch of territory, and the dwelling-houses stand, each by itself, bowered in trees and the gardens filled with bright-hued flowers. The bougainvillea vines make great splashes of color. Rickshaws and pony carts go through the streets, past long files of scantily clad burden-bearing natives, men and women, past creaking bullock carts, past white men on horseback, past native policemen, past other natives whose half-European clothes show them to be gun-bearers, or *saises;* slender Somalis, with clean-cut features, saunter by; the Indians are everywhere, for most of the lesser and some of the bigger merchants, and most of the minor officials, come from Hindustan. Of the natives most are wild heathens; but some of them, and all the Somalis, and most of the Indians, are Moslems. There are many Goanese who have kept the faith of their remote Portuguese ancestors; and there are Parsees, who, of all the Asiatics, come nearest to being accepted by the whites as being measurably on the same level with themselves—and who would be entirely so accepted if they possessed martial virtue in addition to their other good qualities.

Among the white population there are representatives of almost every European race; but of course the great majority are English. Among them are many men and women who have seen and done many things of interest; who have carried on the work of the world in many strange places, who have met queer emergencies with cool heads, and have performed difficult and sometimes dangerous tasks with good sense and good humor; and who, in addition, are well read and care for music or art or science, or have some of the other interests which add so much to the joy of living even for men of action. I soon found that there were a number of households which to me seemed at least as attractive as any to be found in the great capitals of civilization.

There were several houses where I was made welcome, both within and without Nairobi. I shall always remember them; and of one of them I now write. The book-shelves were filled with just the books one loves to read—especially in the intervals of a rough hunting trip, when dainty refinement in a book gives the same kind of pleasure that under such circumstances is yielded by many other kinds of daintiness and refinement. The master of the house was a Cambridge man, who promptly gave me a letter to the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, when he found that I held in high esteem the Provost's "Short Stories of an Antiquary." That the mistress of the house has the gift of seeing, and the further gift of portraying what is seen, can be told by whoever reads Janet Allardyce's "African Sketches and Impressions" in the November "Scribner's."

Furthermore, there were two dear little girls, of eight and ten, who, as Christmas drew nigh, made me realize how homesick I was for my own family. They were such nice children! They had such quiet, pretty manners, and such true little hearts. When I called, if their father and mother were delayed, they always came in to entertain me. They might solemnly present me the kitty, so that I should not feel lonely; or else a delightful small parrot, which climbed unconcernedly over me, or walked around the floor and gently nipped the ends of my trousers if it thought I was not showing it proper attention. They told me about many things; especially about the small brother who was at school in England. The Nairobi shops

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contain few things for children; and a man trying to do Christmas shopping by himself is a rather helpless creature; but I finally succeeded in getting each of them a trifling gift—an Indian-made bangle, of hairs from an elephant's tail, one with a tiny lion dangling from it, while the other had a tiny elephant.

A week before Christmas we said good-by, with real regret, to all our Nairobi friends and started for Uganda. We crossed Lake Victoria Nyanza and began our march to Lake Albert Nyanza. Uganda is a beautiful, fertile land, with the true tropical climate; it is not a healthy country for white men, even in those parts which are free from sleeping-sickness.

Day after day we marched along, sometimes through seas of elephant grass twice the height of a man, sometimes through patches of tropical forest, sometimes through marshes or along plains where the natives tended their plantations of yams and bananas. Kermit and I, who were in excellent health, tried to keep the party in fresh meat. On Christmas Day we marched as usual, under the dazzling glare of the equatorial sun; Kermit shot a hartebeest for our Christmas dinner—although we would have preferred something else, as hartebeest venison is not very good. When we halted, the black-bearded elephant hunter who was with us—and no better man was to be found in Africa—came into my tent and handed me a little parcel, saying, "Here's a Christmas present which I was told not to give you until Christmas." It was from my two little friends in Nairobi; and on opening it I found some peppermint candy, and a shoe-bag which they had worked for me—and accompanying the latter a note which ran: "We have made this for you ourselves. It is meant for a shoe-bag; but you can use it for anything you wish." So I had my Christmas party, after all; and I do not think any boy or girl in America appreciated his or her presents more than I did mine, or was more touched and pleased to get them. The peppermint candy was a main feature of dinner that evening; and the shoe-bag journeyed all the way home with me.

By the way, though we only got a hartebeest for our main course on Christmas Day, we fared well during Christmas week. Almost every day we got game—usually reed-buck, bush-buck, and guinea-fowl; and Kermit and I killed a big bull elephant. His heart was good when roasted; and from his trunk we made first-rate soup; while his huge body furnished a feast for the entire *safari*.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE PROPOSAL TO INCREASE POSTAGE RATES

In his first annual Message to Congress President Taft stated that the cost of transporting and delivering second-class mail, made up of newspapers and all other periodicals, was nine cents a pound, while the revenue from this class of mail was only one cent a pound. In view of this state of things, he spoke of the postage rate as a subsidy to publishers, and recommended an increase of the rate on second-class postage. At that time The Outlook pointed out that the first-class railway fare over the Erie Railway from New York to Chicago was eighteen dollars, which is exactly nine cents a pound for conveying a man weighing two hundred pounds, in a first-class car with all comforts, a distance of one thousand miles, and that, if the statement of the President was correct, the first duty of the Government, through its Post-Office Department, was to adjust its method of doing business so as to bring the cost of handling newspapers and periodicals down more nearly to the cost incurred by the express companies, for instance, or any other privately managed organization.

There was an extended hearing before the Postal Committee of the House of Representatives, but no action was taken, and, indeed, no bill for increasing postage on second-class matter was even presented.

In his second Message to Congress President Taft takes up the subject of second-class postage again, and approves the plan for an increase in rates as proposed by Postmaster-General Hitchcock. We quote Mr. Hitchcock's recommendation:

In the last annual report of the Department special attention was directed to the enor-

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mous loss the Government sustains in the handling and transportation of second-class mail. Owing to the rapid increase in the volume of such mail, the loss is constantly growing. A remedy should be promptly applied by charging more postage. In providing for the higher rates it is believed that a distinction should be made between advertising matter and what is termed legitimate reading matter. Under present conditions an increase in the postage on reading matter is not recommended. Such an increase would place a special burden on a large number of second-class publications, including educational and religious periodicals, that derive little or no profit from advertising. It is the circulation of this type of publications, which aid so effectively in the educational and moral advancement of the people, that the Government can best afford to encourage. For these publications, and also for any other legitimate reading matter in periodical form, the Department favors a continuation of the present low postage rate of one cent a pound, and recommends that the proposed increase in rate be applied only to magazine advertising matter. This plan would be in full accord with the statute governing second-class mail, a law that never justified the inclusion under second-class rates of the vast amounts of advertising now transported by the Government at a tremendous loss.

Newspapers are not included in the plan for a higher rate on advertising matter, because, being chiefly of local distribution, they do not burden the mails to any such extent as the widely circulating magazines.

Under the system proposed it will be possible, without increasing the expenditure of public funds, to utilize for the benefit of the entire people that considerable portion of the postal revenues now expended to meet the cost of a special privilege enjoyed by certain publishers.

In view of the vanishing postal deficit it is believed that if the magazines could be required to pay what it costs the Government to carry their advertising pages, the Department's revenues would eventually grow large enough to warrant one-cent postage on first-class mail.

Experiments made by the Department show that the relative weights of the advertising matter and the legitimate reading matter in magazines can be readily determined, making it quite feasible to put into successful operation the plan outlined. Under that plan each magazine publisher will be required to certify to the local postmaster, in accordance with regulations to be prescribed by the Department, the facts necessary to determine the proper postage charges. The method of procedure will be worked out in such manner as to insure the despatching of the mails as expeditiously as at present.

It should be remembered that there has been no change in conditions since the President's first Message *except* that the postal deficit has been reduced during the year from seventeen million dollars to a little over six million dollars, and this with an extension of the very costly rural free delivery service and with no increase whatever in any rate of postage. It is clear that better and more businesslike methods have been introduced by the Postmaster-General, and that, if he is permitted to continue the improvement of methods, he will speedily be able not only to obliterate the deficit but to make the Department show a handsome credit balance.

It is difficult, therefore, to understand the course of reasoning which has changed the recommendations of the President and the Postmaster-General from an increase in the rate of postage on all newspapers and periodicals to an increase of postage on the advertising sections only of a small group of National periodicals which are called magazines. The revenue to be derived from such an increase must inevitably be very moderate, since the class of periodicals to be affected is strangely limited, and it is proposed to tax (or increase the postage rate on) only that portion of the magazines which is devoted to advertisements. Under the proposed new law the twenty thousand and more local newspapers in the United States will still be carried in the mails to any point within the county of publication *free of all charge;* other newspapers, daily and weekly, with their tons of advertising matter, and all other periodicals, except those which by some yet unannounced process of selection are to be regarded as magazines, are to be mailed at the present rate, which, according to the President in his first Message, involves an average loss of eight cents a pound.

The "magazines" are to bear the whole weight of this new tax, and it is naïvely suggested that the increased revenue thus derived will, or may be, used to bring about one-cent letter postage—for which no real demand has yet made itself heard—and the introduction of the parcels post, which ought to be a profitable branch of mail-carrying from the moment of its long-delayed introduction.

We see two grave objections to the Postmaster-General's plan. First, it requires a censorship to determine what

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periodicals are "magazines," whose advertising pages are to be taxed, and what are the educational and religious periodicals which are to continue to enjoy what the President calls a "subsidy." Such a censorship would be a new feature in postal administration, and it would seem to be a thing very difficult to work out on any fair basis. Second, the proposal to hamper advertising in periodicals by taxing it is to hamper an important agency in the creation of letter postage, which is very profitable to the Government.

Of course the ultimate consumer—that is, the person who wishes to read the magazines—will in the end pay the postage, as he has done from the beginning. Forty years ago he paid the postage on all his periodicals directly, at the post-office when he received them. A later law provided that the postage should be paid in advance by the publisher, but the amount of postage was still an element of cost to be included in the revenue necessary for the safe conduct of any publishing business. It will always be so, and if the people wish to add to the cost of their magazines by imposing a tax through the Post-Office Department on the advertising pages or columns, they will in the end pay the bill. The proposed legislation is therefore of interest to all readers of magazines as well as to publishers, who would of course first feel the burden and the confusion incident to a radical increase in the cost of their several publications.

We should be glad to believe that all public officials and all members of Congress are free from any but patriotic motives in their recommendations and actions. But it cannot be denied that among the legislators at Washington and in official circles there is at present current a clearly expressed feeling that the magazines of the country have been for the past few years the most independent and relentless critics of public affairs and of public servants, and that any inconvenience or loss which they might suffer as the result of an increase of postage along the lines suggested would be a not inappropriate punishment for what, by some politicians, is regarded as pernicious activity. It may be only a coincidence that the "magazines" which the President and the Postmaster-General propose as the only periodicals to be affected by the change in postage include the rather limited group which has been most outspoken in criticism.

The Outlook repeats what it said a year ago, that the Department's first duty is to continue the work of placing the Post-Office on a thoroughgoing business basis along the lines so well marked out by the Carter Reorganization Bill of the last session of Congress, and then—when the cost of handling second-class matter is really known, as it certainly is not now—to take up the whole question of postal rates and settle it on a basis that is fair to readers, publishers, and taxpayers alike.

SHALL WE RESTRICT IMMIGRATION?

In 1863 Abraham Lincoln urged upon Congress the adoption of measures to promote immigration into the United States. In 1907 Congress created a Commission to inquire into the subject of immigration for the purpose of considering what restrictions are advisable. The contrast is significant. The significance is indicated in the following quotations from the Report of the Commission:

"From 1819 to 1883 more than ninety-five per cent of the total immigration from Europe originated in the United Kingdom, Germany, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Belgium, France, and Switzerland. . . . In recent years more than seventy per cent of the movement has originated in southern and eastern Europe. . . . The old immigration movement was essentially one of permanent settlers. The new immigration is very largely one of individuals, a considerable proportion of whom have apparently no intention of permanently changing their residence, their only purpose in coming to America being to temporarily take advantage of the greater wages paid for industrial labor in this country. . . . The old immigration came to the United States during a period of general development, and was an important factor in that development, while the new immigration has come during a period of great industrial expansion and has furnished a practically unlimited supply of labor to that expansion." This means, as interpreted by Mr. James Bryce in the new edition of his "American Commonwealth,"

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three things: First, "Whereas the former [the old immigrants] started at once for the land and set themselves to fell the woods or till the prairies of the West, the bulk of the later comers have either, like the Jews and Greeks, flocked into the cities and taken to the life of retail trading or of handicrafts and petty industries there, or have, like the Slovaks and Poles and Italians, found occupation in the mining districts or in railway construction and other forms of unskilled work." Second: "Whereas the early immigrants, Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, usually applied for and obtained citizenship very soon after their arrival," "a certain part of this recent immigration is transitory; Italians and Slovaks, for instance, after they have by thrift accumulated a sum which is large for them, return to their native villages;" and "between those of the new immigrants who work in mines or in the construction of public works and the native American there is very little contact and practically no admixture. Even in the cities the Italians and the Jews keep to themselves, often occupying poor quarters exclusively their own." Third: "The American people of the future will be an amalgam from a much greater number of component elements than have entered into it theretofore. Moreover, these new accessions, except the Jews, Greeks, some of the Roumans, the Finns, and the Armenians, belong almost wholly to the Roman Church, so that if the children of the immigrants remain connected with that Church, its share of the population will be relatively greater." What is vastly more important, the ethical standard of the recent immigrants is not the highest, and the conditions under which they live make the maintenance of any high standard very difficult. "It is difficult for parents who must themselves toil all day long to retain any control over children who enjoy the license and are exposed to the temptations of a vast city. Accordingly, the percentage of juvenile crime among the children of the foreign born is more than twice as great as it is among the children of native white parents."

We believe that the above summary of facts will suffice our present purpose, which is to put before our readers certain fundamental principles which we believe should govern the country in its future regulation and restriction of immigration. The recommendations of the Commission we report elsewhere; here we state our own.

I. This land belongs to its citizens. But the present generation have in it only a life estate. They are solemnly bound to leave it unimpaired to their children and their children's children. This involves guarding, not only against needless waste of its material resources, but even more against adulteration and corruption of its citizenship. We have come to a policy of restriction and regulation of immigration none too soon. This country is not a Hospital for the diseased, nor an Asylum for the feeble-minded, nor a County Farm for the world's paupers, nor a Reform School for the morally deficient.

Nor is there any adequate reason why it should any longer be a Refuge for the oppressed of other lands. In western Europe there is not now any such political oppression as drove out refugees from Ireland and Germany and Italy in the first half of the nineteenth century. In every country of western Europe the theory is entertained, as in America, that governments exist for the benefit of the governed, and life and property are as well safeguarded as in America, in many countries better safeguarded. There is no such wholesale violation of liberty as obliges us to open our doors to all exiles. Metternich and King Bomba have left no successors. The Armenian is relatively safe even in Turkey. It is only in Russia that military despotism still rules; it is only the Russian Jew that needs a Refuge. And it is not our duty, nor even our right, to allow our whole international policy to be determined by sympathy for him.

II. The need of this country is not for cheap labor. The wealth of a country consists not in its money-bags but in its men. Too much cheap labor means too many multi-millionaires; we have an excess of both already. National progress and material wealth are not synonymous. America has been quite too fond of the voice of the Northern farmer:

"Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy?
Propputty, propputty, propputty — that's what I 'ears 'em saäy."

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Aristotle, in the fourth century before Christ, defined the object of national life. The nation does not exist merely to preserve property—if so, the voter's political power should be proportioned to his stock in the enterprise; nor to protect and promote industry—if so, an ant-hill and a beehive would be nations. "A state, on the contrary, is the association of families and villages in a complete and independent existence, or, in other words, according to our definition, in a life of felicity and nobleness." America could learn a lesson from Aristotle. What we want in America is men who will contribute to its life of felicity and nobleness. Unskilled labor has built, and is building, our railways and aqueducts, and public and private buildings, and opening our mines. We would put up no bar against unskilled labor. But it is possible for a nation, as for an individual, to grow too fast. It is better to be slow—and sure. The need of America is not cheap labor, but men who will become permanent and patriotic American citizens, and will add to the Nation's wealth because they add to its intelligence and its integrity, and who will neither go back to the old country which in sentiment they have never left, nor remain as an alien element in the American amalgam of the future.

III. We ought to take some far more radical and effectual means than we now take to select the immigrants we want. We should do this negatively by exclusion; we should do it affirmatively by invitation. At present the steamship companies get all the steerage passengers they can, and we put up a filter on this side to exclude the objectionable. The steamship companies are not interested in quality, they are interested only in quantity. If the intending immigrant has money enough to pay for his passage and not be deported on arrival as a pauper, and is physically, mentally, and morally sound enough to pass the brief and cursory examination which is all that is possible at the American port, the steamship company is content.

The peasants of southern and eastern Europe have for a number of years supplied a rich harvest to the promoter of immigration. The promoter is usually a steamship ticket agent, employed on a commission basis, or a professional money-lender, or a combination of the two. His only interest is the wholly selfish one of gaining his commission and collecting his usury. He is employed by the steamship lines, large and small, without scruple, and to the enormous profit of such lines. The more aliens they bring over, the more are there to be carried back if failure meets the tentative immigrant, and the more are likely to follow if success is his lot. Whatever the outcome, it is a good proposition for the steamship line.[1]

We do not criticise the steamship lines. We criticise a government which takes great care and is at great expense to exclude the products of cheap labor, and throws the doors wide open to an indiscriminate importation of the cheap labor itself; which carefully excludes from our markets, by a prohibitory tariff, certain products of foreign industry supposed to be injurious to the interests of the manufacturers, but is only just beginning, in a tentative and half-hearted way, to exclude from our citizenship human products of a foreign civilization injurious to the higher life of the Nation.

IV. The main inspection of the incoming immigration should be transferred from the American port of disembarkation to the European port of embarkation. The Immigration Commission thinks that the medical inspection of the steamship companies at the European ports, tested as it is by a renewed medical inspection by Governmental authorities upon the landing here, is sufficient. And it cites in support of its contention the fact that American medical inspection has been attempted at Italian ports for the last ten years, and its recommendation invariably respected by the steamship companies, with the result that the proportion of diseased immigrants arriving from those ports has exceeded that from several other European ports where the examination has been conducted solely by the steamship companies. This, of course, is not conclusive; we must also know whether Italian immigrants are less healthy than those from the "several other European ports." But medical inspection is the least important form of inspection, because the peril from contagious disease is less than the peril from contagious character. And the ex-

[1] Report for 1909 of the Commissioner-General of Immigration, p. 112, quoted by Mr. James Bryce in "The American Commonwealth," ed. of 1910, Vol. II, p. 472.

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clusion of the latter is a much more difficult matter. The Outlook heartily indorses on this subject the following recommendation of the Immigrant Commission:

> Under the provision of Section 39 of the Immigration Act of February 20, 1907, the President should appoint commissioners to make arrangements with such countries as have adequate police records to supply emigrants with copies of such records, and that thereafter immigrants from such countries should be admitted to the United States only upon the production of proper certificates showing an absence of conviction for excludable crime.

But we also think that our Government might go further. It might adopt a passport system. It might require every immigrant to procure before embarking for our shores a passport from his government certifying to his character; and it might require this passport and the police record to be submitted either to the American consul nearest the home of the departing emigrant, or to a special American emigration officer at the port of his embarkation, and an opportunity furnished for inquiry as to the integrity of the papers and the character of the person presenting them. This plan at least deserves careful consideration on the part of Congress. If any country refused to participate in such a passport arrangement, the remedy would be simple, as the United States Government would refuse to receive any immigrants not provided with such passports; it would refuse to receive any immigrants from the country which refused to supply them such passports. Mr. Bryce gives as the chief causes of emigrations in the past, four: (1) Wars; (2) political or religious oppression; (3) the desire of a growing population to find fresh land to cultivate; (4) the movement of labor from regions where it is abundant and cheap to regions where it is scarce and dear." To these we add a fifth: love of liberty. And this love of liberty invites to our shores the best and the worst of men: the best—those who wish an opportunity for the freest self-development for themselves and for their children; the worst—those who wish to be free from that police espionage and that prompt and vigorous execution of the law which are almost unknown in America. The introduction of police espionage in America would be of doubtful expediency even if it were practicable; but it might well be applied effectively in determining who may be admitted to America.

V. Scientific tests of comparative accuracy can be applied in determining the existence of physical and mental disease. But there are no scientific tests by which to determine the existence of practical intelligence and practical morality. The majority of the Commission recommend "the exclusion of those unable to read or write in some language." From this recommendation Representative William S. Bennet, of New York, dissents. The arguments *pro* and *con* are not given; we hope that they may be supplied in a supplementary report. There are some facts which the public ought to know before it can wisely pass judgment on this question. Is it a fact that immigrants who can read or write are more intelligent and more virtuous than their illiterate fellow-countrymen? Or are those who can read or write often only superficially educated and not equipped with capacity to think? From what source, the literate or the illiterate, come the faddists of various classes, from the criminal Anarchist to the enthusiastic Tolstoyan? What sort of men are the leaders of the "Black Hand"—illiterate men who know no better, or half-educated men who use as their tools their wholly uneducated companions? In America the man who can read or write is usually a man who has gone to the public school, and in the public school has had some teaching in the art of thinking. Reading and writing are therefore a sign of moral intelligence in America. Is this equally so in the Italian, Polish, or Hungarian immigrants? Mere literacy is no guarantee of character. How much of an indication of character it is in incoming immigrants is a question on which the American people need more light before adopting it as a test at Ellis Island.

We shall hereafter consider the question whether affirmative methods may not be taken by the United States to secure the right type of immigrants from European countries, and also the application of the principles above laid down to the question of Oriental immigration on the Pacific slope.

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THE POSSIBILITY OF GREAT GIVING

The best gifts are never things; the best gift is always from within and is charged with personality. In the case of those who are able to make great gifts for the highest purposes—for the teaching of religion, the discovery of truth, the opening of the doors to education—it is often true that the spirit behind the gift is more valuable to the community than the gift itself, and the example far more influential in the long run than the great sum of money bestowed. The highest service a man can render to his fellows is some bestowal of himself in sacrifice, work, influence, inspiration. Phillips Brooks founded no college and endowed no hospital, but he is to be counted among the greatest givers of his time. Other men poured out wealth lavishly for good and great ends and are worthy of all honor for their large-minded and large-hearted recognition of the mutuality of all possessions, the common fortune of the race, held in trust by the few for the liberation and education of the many. It was the high privilege of the great preacher to give himself with the prodigality of a man possessed of a vast treasure; to pour himself out year after year on the spirits of confused, wayward, starving people, to whom he gave a vision beyond the perplexities of the hour, a clear view of the right path and strength to walk in it, the bread which feeds the soul.

The Great Giver brought no money, clothes, or food with him. No man ever had less at his command of those things of which men usually make gifts; he was, during the wonderful years of his active life, penniless and homeless; but he was incomparably the greatest giver who has appeared among men. No one of all the great benefactors of mankind has approached him in the reach, power, and eternal value of his gifts. The secret of his divine generosity is told in a sentence: he was himself a gift! It was not the separate and detached gifts he made by the way—the healing, the hearing, the speech, the loaves and fishes—that clothed him with compassion and beneficence like a garment from the very hem of which life and peace flowed; it was the complete and perfect bestowal of himself that has begun to fill the world with light and health and love.

Here is the supreme reward of growth in purity, unselfishness, the wisdom of love: it so greatly enriches the spirit that he who comes to possess these beautiful and divine qualities gains the privileges of a great giver. Many men and women are perfectly sincere in desiring great wealth that they might use it generously for others. But great wealth comes to few, while the inward enrichment comes to all who invite and hold themselves open to it. Every man may become a great giver if he chooses; for every man may make himself rich in the vision, the moral strength, the peace of spirit, which are the supreme achievements of life, and the most inspiring, comforting, enduring things which a man can bestow on his fellows.

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator's birthday happened somewhat out of the ordinary. It came upon him in Morocco, in the blue-and-white city of Tangier, on the extreme northwest point of Africa, and was eventful chiefly by reason of the camel-accompanied picnic that, in celebration, set out that morning into Barbary.

It was a perfect October day. A little Portuguese lady was the chaperon, a joyous little lady, struck suddenly silent with the news of the revolution in Lisbon and fear for a husband and father, as yet unheard from, in the struggling city. And there was a Minister besides, and three Secretaries, with their Legation soldiers in colored turbans and flowing bath-robes, and a half-dozen Americans; and what with every one mounted, and the soldiers, and the four Moorish guards, and a camel for the tea-things, and a burro, and counting in all the vigorous dogs of Tangier and forty-one small boys attendant, the modestly planned procession resembled nothing so much as a complete caravan to Fez.

The size of the expedition, moreover, made early progress difficult. Guards preceded the party, shouting "*Balak! Balak!*" to clear the way; but the streets

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were filled with Moors in nightgowns, and Arabs on splendid horses, and Berbers and holy men from the hills in rag carpets; Moorish women, muffled up to the eyes, tramped stolidly in the middle of the road; Jews in many colors vociferated from the curb; and sellers of sweetmeats—Heaven save the eater!—goatskin water-jug carriers, naked children and burros and happy dogs, filled up the interstices and interfered with everybody in unbelievable joy. All was noise, color, brilliant sunshine, smells, yells, and confusion,

In time the city, with its mountain and curving blue bay, was left behind, and the caravan, striking inland along the cliffs and garden villas of the Cape Spartel road, came out upon the ancient caravan route to Fez and in sight of distant yellow mountains and purple heather-covered moors. A little farther on the French outposts were passed, and the Spectator found himself at length in open Morocco, a land pastoral and Biblical in appearance, where all the country Moors looked, if young, like John the Baptist, and, if old, like Abraham; and so, by easy stages, to the famous caves of Hercules and the olive groves, a great pile of broken rocks rising out of the plain, all pinnacles and caves and cork trees and ancient gray-green olives. Far on the top was a Moorish shrine with its circle of white-washed stones and a tiny flutter of white rags tied by pious Mussulmans to the nearest boughs. From above came weird and strange music and the beat of a drum, seeming, at that considerable distance, aerial and even heavenly. We scrambled up the rocks, across ravines, and under arches of twisted trees and giant cactus, until at length, on the top, appeared the tea already laid and four Moorish minstrels who had been sent on in advance.

These rose and greeted the party with a new burst of sound, effectually dispelling, at close hand, all remaining impression of celestial origin. Yet, although produced by the (to Western eyes) inadequate means of a drum, a one-stringed violin, half a mandolin, and a something not unreasonably called indescribable, the effect, while not pleasurable, held in its throbbing rhythm something of intense fascination. And presently, as once in Hamelin Town, the native population—small boys first, then the men, big-eyed, graceful fellows in hooded gowns, with staves and shepherd's crooks, and last the muffled women—stole up and seated themselves around, grave, dignified, not at all embarrassed, but clearly pleased and utterly quiet. No one had ever brought out music to them before. A conference ensued between the soldiers and the head villager, following which it was announced that the Spectator and the caravan, at least while accompanied by the music, were the guests of the neighboring village so long as they chose to stay.

Thanks to this hospitality and the presence of the local saint, but one untoward incident occurred. Roosjdi, the Minister's little groom, came up in great excitement, which immediately communicated itself to the entire establishment, crying that the unsuspected burro had seen a *djinn*! There was no time to inquire how the unfortunate animal had done this, nor even how he had communicated the fact to Roosjdi. Every moment was precious, and, luckily, the band was there, which promptly struck into the proper, and awful, *djinn*-dispelling chant. It was successful; the demon doubtless fled; and Roosjdi at once and with sparkling eyes, from which all fear had vanished, seated himself before the band-master and beat ecstatic time to the pulsing horrors that arose.

Then quiet; and tea, and chicken salad, and the cake with candles, and a wonderful sunset with a new moon—for Ramadan was past—and back again in the twilight, with a few low songs and the soldiers talking together in a dark group behind. Between the hills the setting sun struck Cape Spartel and turned it into flame; the rose and the tan of Sunset Land deepened into purple; there was a distant glimpse of a blue, ghost-like city above its dark bay, the bright stars overhead; then a quick dash through narrow, dirty streets and innumerable twinkling lights. We were back from Barbary into the harbor city of the North.

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THE SEARCH FOR THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

BY ALBERT R. LEDOUX, PH.D.

THE dictionaries practically agree on two definitions of life. The following will serve as well as others: "That condition in which animals and plants exist with capability of exercising their natural functions," and "The animation of the body in animals (including men) by a vital principle." For centuries, in one form or the other, these ideas of life were unquestioned. The "vital principle" was conceded to animals only, although the study of nature continuously narrowed the line which divides the animal from the vegetable kingdom, but there was still an impassable gulf between the vegetable and the mineral. The chief difference between the plant and the stone was considered to be the ability of the former not only to grow under the influence of its life but to reproduce its kind.

Then it came as a violent shock to many earnest people that so-called "organic" substances, the product of life influences, might be created out of inorganic—"inanimate"—things without the presence of any apparent "vital principle" or the action of any "vital function." In 1828 Professor Woehler astonished the world by producing urea, theretofore known only as a product of animal life, from certain wholly inorganic substances, such as exist in air, water, and limestone (carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen). Since then many "bridges" have been built on which the chemist can cross from the inorganic into the realm of the organic substances. Alcohol, the natural product of the fermentation of sugar—and fermentation is an organic phenomenon—can be made by starting with coal and limestone and water. Indigo blue used to be produced only from the indigo plant, and a large part of the agricultural wealth of many southern lands, including some plantations of Louisiana, was once derived from the cultivation of indigo. Now the industry languishes, and indigo blue is made from coal tar, distilled from the inanimate mineral coal. For many years the reds—especially what is known as "Turkey red"—carmines, pinks, and some browns, were derived from the madder plant. The coloring matter of madder is now made artificially and more cheaply, likewise from substances found in coal tar or petroleum, so that it pays less and less to cultivate this plant, even in Bengal. We have had to abandon the idea that "life" as we understand it is essential for the production of organic substances.

The modern science of biology is opening to our view most fascinating glimpses into the depths where still lie hidden the beginnings of life. Long ago we had to abandon the ancient idea that only living things grow or are capable of motion; growth is not a criterion, nor is motion. Crystals grow and multiply, some of them in a way very like the vegetable and animal growth by cell multiplication; metals not only segregate but coalesce; the nuggets found in many alluvial deposits are often larger than any gold particles found in the rocks, the disintegration of which formed the alluvial gravels. But still we rather cling to the idea that to create or to maintain or to reproduce animal growth, or to perpetuate "life," requires the intervention of some inherent vital principle that departs when what we call death intervenes, and, once departed, cannot be recalled; that vital functions cannot be maintained outside of the animal or its embryo. Only a few years ago Professor Loeb, the great biologist of California, said, "If we are ever to produce living matter from inanimate, the first step will be a knowledge of how to make living matter artificially." Then he startled us with the statement that he could generate the sea-urchin from its unimpregnated egg by immersing it in certain saline liquids under certain conditions, and produce the living, wriggling larva. Within a few weeks, the journals have claimed, on behalf of another scientist, that he has been able, similarly, artificially to fertilize the ova of high mammalian animals through outside non-animal media or influences, pointing to the fantastic possibility, if the researches

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should be successfully carried further, of reproducing the nucleus or embryo even of mammals outside of any maternal shelter and without co-operation of the normal father.

While some of us shrink from facing such a change from our conceptions of life as these things imply, nothing appears to the biologist to be impossible—however improbable—and it seems as if we were on the eve of another revolution in our conceptions of at least the operation of life; for in the "Journal of the American Medical Association" of October 15 two experimenters at the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research announce another startling discovery, viz., that the adult—that is, the full-grown—organs and tissues of the higher animals, that supposedly reach their full development only in the body, can be made to continue to grow outside of the body, entirely removed from any connection with its general vitality.

The "plasma" is the viscous fluid in animal tissues, such as the blood and lymph, exclusive of their iron, sodium, and other mineral salts. These experimenters found that small fragments of organs severed from mammals and placed in a plasma medium drawn from an animal could be made to grow under their fascinated gaze, between hollow glass covers, entirely separated from their original owner. Heretofore no one would have guessed that a fragment of a kidney, for instance, separated from the animal could be kept indefinitely alive (although it might be preserved from decay), and still less that it could be made to grow under glass; yet these experimenters have proved that kidneys and glands, the marrow, bones, and cartilage, and even the skin, will thus live and grow, under certain conditions, as if still endowed with some of the life principle of their original living owner, though severed from him. Cultures of the thyroid gland grew rapidly. After twenty-four hours it was noted that a few cells had wandered away from the original substance into a new position. Thirty-six hours later one of these cells was fusiform (spindle-shaped), and its activity was so great that the experimenters could follow, under the microscope, the motion of its more solid nucleus and observe the changes in its shape. Long ago, as we measure time in this hurrying age, the surgeons succeeded in grafting on to the human body certain glands and tissues immediately after they were removed from a living animal, and found that they would perform in their new host the functions for which they were intended. Arteries and veins can be preserved for long periods in sterilized vaseline, at certain temperatures, ready to be grafted on to and united with the blood-vessels of the body, and will unite with them and replace those locally injured or diseased; but neither these glands nor tissues nor blood-vessels would grow or multiply in any known medium or through any known process outside of a living body. Perhaps some day the surgeon may secure from his ice-box or culture tubes the nucleus of some gland, or of the liver, especially grown and kept alive for an emergency.

But the Rockefeller experimenters have shown that not only *will* these things grow outside, but to these artificially propagated extra-corporeal organs and tissues can be imparted certain diseases to which the natural organ or tissue is subject; for instance, cancer of a fowl was introduced and grew by cell multiplication in a plasmic solution just as it does when injected into a living bird. Moreover, they have grown tumors under glass!

They say: "We have succeeded in cultivating a very malignant sarcoma (tumor) outside of the body. The purpose of the experiment was to develop a general method which would permit a study of the tumor tissue under known conditions and to observe living cancer cells at every instant of their growth.

"These results show that sarcomatous tissue grows luxuriantly outside of the organism, that a second generation can be produced by the cells grown in the first culture, and that the whole process can be observed with ease at every instant of its evolution. It is probable that the malignant tumors of the human organism can in a similar manner be made to grow outside of the body. The method, therefore, will be a valuable addition to our means of studying the problem of cancer."

To quote further from the technical report: "These experiments demonstrate that adult tissues grow easily outside of the body. . . . Even renal- (kidney-) like

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substances can be caused to develop in something like a normal manner under entirely new conditions. The cultivation of normal cells would appear to be no more difficult than the cultivation of many microbes."

And now, asks the practical reader—especially the anti-vivisectionist—"*Cui bono?*" Well, perhaps we dare not prophesy, but possibly we may venture to hope that this discovery is the first step toward making artificially new tissues, or even the nuclei of organs, to be grafted upon or to replace such as may become diseased in the human system. For instance, when the skin has been destroyed by burns, to-day small fragments painfully secured from another part of the patient's body, or from the body of a willing friend, are immediately grafted upon the denuded surface, and, growing, finally cover the burned surface with a new epidermis. Hear what Drs. Carroll and Burrows say—cultivating a fragment of skin in their plasmic solution: "Cells appeared on the edges after twelve or fourteen hours; these grew very rapidly until after forty-eight hours the area of new epidermis obtained . . . was twice as large as the old fragment of skin."

The microscope has been enormously reinforced by the application of a minute electric ray or "searchlight" to the microscopic field, until we can now behold the whirling and dancing of almost atomic particles, and observe the advance, retreat, union, and growth of what were formerly ultra-microscopic cell entities. We can see mimic battles between microbes formerly invisible and only guessed at, the health or disease of their host being determined by the result of the battle.

While the distances in the stellar universe are so enormous that figures of millions of miles convey nothing to us without some attempt at illustration, the increase of microscopic power through the ultra-microscopic searchlight enables us to observe things of almost infinitesimal smallness, and when they become so small that even this microscopic power cannot distinguish them, their *movements* can still be recognized. The usual inch on a foot-rule is divided into eighths—sometimes into sixteenths. If the inch were to be divided by twenty-five lines, these lines would seem pretty close together to our unaided eye. A millimeter is about the size of one of these supposed divisions—one twenty-fifth of an inch—and the ultra-microscope now reveals entities smaller than one-millionth part of a millimeter! And yet—and yet, with our increasing vision, we have not discovered or isolated the life-germ, nor have we been able to observe a transition from the inert inorganic world into the protoplasm of organic life. God still "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and these wonders certainly seem more marvelous since the discoveries of evolution than they did when it was conceived that creation began with the formation of all things fully grown and fully developed as we know them.

To the chemist with his test tube and to the biologist with his microscope life and its origin are as inscrutable and as wonderful as they were to the seer of old. "Who by searching can find out God?"

Speculation usually precedes invention, and while no one claims as yet to have traced the path of the creation of life back into dead "azoic" matter, yet some thinkers have suggested that in the past ages conditions *may* have been such on our earth as to cause lifeless molecules of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., not only to unite in the combination in which they exist in the protoplasmic cell, but to enable them to receive an impulse creating motion and producing growth, and that thence all "living" things may have developed. If this is true, to our mind, it is no less wonderful than the creation of highly developed creatures by an instantaneous act, and does not remove the necessity for a Creator. Indeed, it seems to matter little whether the creative act was the impulse which stirred the molecules into motion or the creation of the one original single element from which probably all other elements and things existing have come.

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THE PASSION PLAY

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE

AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON BONAPARTE," ETC., ETC.

IN 1633 the black death ravaged the Bavarian Alps. In token of deliverance and gratitude to God some villages instituted practices as a reminder to posterity and a memorial for all time. Of these institutions not all survive; two only come under the observation of the ordinary tourist. In Partenkirchen the church bell still rings of an afternoon at four o'clock; in Oberammergau the Passion Play is still given at intervals of ten years.

With few exceptions, the oldest families of western Europe are not those of royalty and aristocracy but of the peasantry. It is true that these last are farmers, but they are not in the least what that word denotes in Great Britain and America. Nor, on the other hand, are they mere agricultural Hodges: ditchers, plowers, mowers, and hewers of wood or drawers of water, as farm laborers are elsewhere in Europe. They are landowners, tillers of the soil, artisans, traders too, and frequently ecclesiastics. Between them and the intelligent, ambitious, educated, and often refined yeomanry of Anglo-Saxondom there is a wide chasm; as there is a sad contrast between their thrifty, smug comfort and the dissolute shiftiness of pauperism sloughed off by the community in the villages and countrysides of America or England. Drunkenness there is among these Bavarian people, and tavern brawls delight many, but the seed of such indulgence falls on stony places and does not produce the awful harvest so regularly and richly reaped among English-speaking peoples. Peasant stock in upper Bavaria, therefore, is persistent, hardy, intense; within the narrow limits of its existence it is proud, self-sufficient, and tenacious.

Furthermore, it is pious. To many it seems densely superstitious and sadly priest-ridden. It is easy to invent and fling hard names; but it is also contemptible. There is no utterly irreligious man; the noisiest scoffing radical is merely unreligious in one sense—negatively religious as that adjective is generally used; but he is exhibiting to the left of the starting-point in life exactly the same basic consciousness of the supernatural as the ultra-devout to the right of that starting-point. One abhors it, the other desires it; one denies it, the other asserts it; but for both alike the consciousness, the instinct, is existent and real. The Bavarian peasant is ultra-religious; if you like, he is Roman, he is ultramontane; but he is not the slave of psychics, or pseudo-science, or day terrors, or sorcery, or any of the animalistic insanities of avowed unbelief. He is devout to ecstasy, yes; he is simply credulous, yes; he loves pomp and ritual, yes; he shifts all his other-world responsibilities to the priesthood, yes; he is in awe of the Church and quakes before her menaces, yes. In other words, his environment has kept him in the same state of mind and under much the same social and economic conditions as those of the Middle Ages; and so, remaining a mediæval man, he clings to the mediæval Church.

These are some of the reasons why here, and only here, the Passion Play, so called, became an apparently permanent institution; at least, it has lasted two hundred and seventy-seven years. Perhaps a still more cogent reason is the innate, unconscious artistry of this peasant folk. To the limit of their education and intelligence they are musical and dramatic. The tinkle of the zither and its kindred string instruments may be heard in every hamlet, for the people do not live in separate farmsteads, but go forth in the morning to the labor of the fields, returning at night to a stirring social life in the alleys and taverns, at the doorways, and around the fountain.

It is a matter of course that many, probably the majority, play the violin and another musical instrument or two. Their dancing is graceful and daring to excess, the stout men swinging the buxom women breast high or higher into the air. But it is not lascivious, and while their merriment is often wild, they are in the main a virtuous people. Their passion for color is reminiscent of Italy, the influence of which is evident in many family names, in the lavish adornment of houses and uten-

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sils with high-colored ornament and polychrome stencil, and in the abundance of glaring pictures and images.

But the highest achievement of their love for art is the peasant theater of the Bavarian uplands. The plays are written by clever professional dramatists, unfamiliar with towns and born to the country manner. The actors are amateur in the sense that they neglect neither trade nor vocation, and devote only their leisure to the stage. The scene is always field, forest, or village; the plot turns on the incidents of Alpine life: the hunt, the avalanche, the flood, the human primitive in passionate romance, in wild revenge, in blank despair; and often idyllic scenes are introduced in which the tuneful music of their song and their loved instruments, or the clog-dance and the waltz, the saraband and pavane, show forth the avocations of their leisure. In all this the performers are entirely themselves. There is much that is rude, very little that is vulgar, and still less that is wanton. It is mimic life, and life as they live it. The acting is amazingly vigorous and unsophisticated. The traditions of the stage are entirely apart from the conventions, the artifice, and the self-consciousness of the town and city theater as it has developed in the heat and excitement, the satiety and lust, of great capitals. The play is the thing; the form and substance are so blended that neither is remarked. Scene and people and words combine to produce sensations which are neither stupefying nor breathless, but simple and entertaining.

Within this peasant world there is the play of every human quality—ambition, self-control; efficiency, worthlessness; thrift, shiftlessness; virtue, vice; faith, skepticism; obedience, defiance; contentment, rebellion. Of course; they are but men and women of like passions with others. But their horizon is apparently fixed. They do have the longing to see the world, and they emigrate to distant lands; a favorite subject of their stage is the return of the native, all sophisticated by contact with baser civilizations. Yet the local patriotism, the devotion to the village, the valley, the encircling hills, the stream and wild-wood, to the birds, beasts, and flowers, to the life of the community—this somehow absorbs all that is strongest, throws off only the freaks and the contaminated, surely and safely preserves legend, tradition, faith, and institutions. It is a social phenomenon of the highest interest and importance that in the Western world of unrest, of change, of progress, of unbelief, of agnosticism, unnumbered communities have survived in a contented equilibrium which reproduces the past in the present, scrutinizing with hostile eye all encroachment of the new and accepting only what is profitable to the stability of existing things. Yet this is almost accurately the fact relating to the peasant communities of western Europe, in particular to those of the Bavarian and Tyrolese mountain valleys, and especially in regard to the community of Oberammergau. Considerations of this kind afford what is of course a rapid and surface delineation of social character; but so much at least is essential to a comprehension of the Passion Play as given to-day. In all the elaborate performance there is as little self-consciousness, as little self-display, as little sophistication, as can be conceived to exist in human beings who are very superior and gifted in a way which is not the way of the great world.

Their economic conditions appear quite as self-contained as their social state. The shops, of course, display goods such as are elsewhere seen: manufactured articles, stuffs, foods, apparel, and ornaments which must be produced by modern industrial methods to be as cheap and good as they are. But, on the other hand, there is every form of cottage industry—spinning, weaving, dyeing, tailoring, tanning, shoemaking; all the trades are represented, and in the way of producing export wares the people are far advanced. They are expert wood-carvers, makers of violins, guitars, and zithers; workers in horn and leather, clockmakers, distillers, artificers in hair, pompons, and feathers. With women and children in the field, men and boys plying their trades in the village, with the old of both sexes occupied in household work, such a community is for much of the time a veritable ant-hill, a phylanstery, a closed economic unity, as far as self-sufficiency may go.

The preparations and arrangements for the Passion Play are extremely complex. There are at least three hundred performers, for all of whom there are dressers,

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wardrobe-keepers, wig-makers, and barbers; there is an orchestra; there are ushers, ticket sellers and takers, firemen, police—all the paraphernalia of a vast house seating four thousand persons and of a stage which utterly surpasses all others in size and complexity. All this work, literally all, is done in the valley and by its inhabitants. They do all the inscenation and designing; they cut, sew, and fit the costumes; they frame all the metal and tinsel work; they paint and move the curtains, scenery, and decorative plants; they inspect and assign the fifteen hundred beds in hundreds of lodgings; print the tickets, distribute them, collect and manage the funds; there is no help whatever from without. About six hundred persons, all told, are engaged in the completed work. What would seem miraculous, except for considerations already given, is this, moreover: that all the artistic training is done at home—absolutely all. This training is admirable and incredible except to eye-witnesses. There are style, finish, smoothness, and at times genius in the performance. Genius must have its environment, and the environment is produced by the hearty, unselfish co-operation of friends and neighbors under the strict rule of another friend and neighbor, who is relentless in his requirements.

The name of Ludwig Lang deserves special mention. Revered at home, it is hardly known abroad. Somewhat past middle life, he is a true elder-man, coming of a stock than which none in this old community is older. In the connection are Italian given names, so there may be Italian blood in his veins. During the premediæval times and throughout them the great, and almost the only, frequented highway between the Italian and Germanic peoples was the gloomy, mysterious Berner Klause, the Brenner Pass, whose northern entrance at Innsbruck is less than fifty miles distant. Through it some Roman strain may have trickled over into the upper Gau or intervale of the river Ammer. This possibility is, of course, remote, and may account, though suggestive, for nothing at all. Ludwig Lang has traveled little, probably not farther than Munich, two hours distant by rail, but he is the principal of the local industrial school and by avocation a careful student of Italian art. A man of pith and native distinction, he is strong, gentle, beloved. The hidden spring of all movement in the Passion Play, his is the discipline of steel in a glove of velvet.

The pictures of long ago show the theater as a structure of boards with a stage and background destitute of all scenic effect, except the marvelous setting of the everlasting mountains, the Alpine slopes, the dark, mysterious forests. The seats were benches rising in tiers; all, like the stage, open to the sky. To-day the stage is a vast and solid platform about four times the width of the proscenium in an ordinary theater; at right and left are colonnades through which the chorus enter in two divisions to form a line across the broad front just above the orchestra, which is low and out of the line of vision. In the middle of the platform and back some thirty feet is a covered and gabled structure containing a well-appointed stage. In the pediment is a fresco in *grisaille* of the Saviour bidding little children to come unto him. The screen has a tripartite division, in each portion of which is a well-executed copy of Michael Angelo figures, Moses and the Prophets. This screen is moved by a mechanism which divides it crossways, dropping the lower and lifting the upper half, thus discovering a curtain that separates vertically and is drawn to both sides. Abutting the right colonnade is a classic staircase, balcony, and house, representing the palace of the high priest; similarly to the left is that of Pilate; between these respective structures and the stage proper are two broad city streets reaching to the back of the deep platform, which is represented as the various buildings of Jerusalem were supposed by the artist to look. Disposed artistically on either side the stage and over the mimic walls are palms, vines, and other decorative foliage plants. In the course of the performance all visible portions of this vast platform are used for entrances, exits, the grouping of masses, the harangues of dignitaries, the speeches of Pilate, the aimless passing of idlers—in short, for the environment of the main action. Except for the roof over the stage, employed cleverly with the side scenes for the production of artificial light effects, all else is open to the sky.

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The spectators are under cover in a structure like a train-shed in modern railway stations. All the best seats up the middle tier, perhaps half, are numbered, reserved, and high-priced. Front, back, and side seats appear to be open to the first comers who have paid the small entrance fee. There are two regular performances weekly from June to September, but so vast is the throng which makes its pilgrimage to the scene that it is necessary to give a complete repetition on almost every following day, so that there are virtually four every week, and the weekly attendance, therefore, is not far from sixteen thousand persons; the total number attending this year was about a hundred thousand. The audiences are drawn, of course, from the ends of the earth, and there is a babel of tongues as they enter to take their seats at eight in the morning, and again after the dinner interval of two hours from twelve to two; when, at six, the end is reached, the interchange of talk and the expression of emotion is in itself an extraordinary experience, for all conventions are dissipated in the strange emotional exhaustion which supervenes. The place is easily reached, the great crowd as easily separates, returning to narrate throughout Christendom, and in heathen lands as well, with mingled feeling and inadequate word, the features of scenes rare and unique.

Like the representation, the text of the choruses and the spoken lines is a growth. Influences of every sort have been brought to bear upon it; as it stands it is singularly evangelical. Nothing but the harmony of the Evangelists has been introduced; the tale of the events antecedent and subsequent to the Passion, all the Old Testament scenes which foreshadow the one great exception to the course of nature, are set forth in a German which bears exactly the same relation to the nation and its life as does that of the King James version to those who speak English. The language is grave, sedate, pregnant, simple, and you seem to be listening to the recital of the Scriptures.

A wonderful priest, Joseph Alois Daisenberger, born in 1799, near by at Oberau, but chiefly active throughout his long life of eighty-four years at Oberammergau, where he died, is chiefly responsible for all this. Weiss, an earlier monk, had secured the abolition of the rhymed and trivial interpolations which marred the story; the present form is due to this latest collaborator. Faithfully using the earlier texts, and being broad-minded and scholarly, he was yet profoundly versed in the Bible and Bible German. The fact is manifest throughout, and to a Protestant the language naturally sounds Lutheran. But it is in no sense directly so, and bigotry may well learn the lesson of Christian catholicity from such a fact.

The accompanying instrumental music was written about a hundred years since by Rochus Dedler, a village schoolmaster who was a genius inspired for his task, and is throughout a gentle accompaniment heightening the effect, never monopolizing the attention. Its emotional quality follows closely and broadens that of the text; it is consequently minor, tender, and for the most part low-pitched throughout. Yet it is never despairing, and at times the stupendous victory which is to be the climax is subtly indicated. The final bursts do not, of course, meet the demands of ecstatic expectancy, but they are gently triumphant.

Strictly speaking, the Passion Play is not a play at all, not even a religious drama; it is a series of pictures represented by living men, women, children, and animals, with all necessary accessories of costume and scenery. Some of these pictures have no action, but represent a painting or colored relief; in some the figures move and speak in such a way as to change the grouping, give effect to the representation, and renew the interest. The little action there is displays events so familiar that they are long anticipated before occurring, and hence all possible dramatic effect is eliminated. Even the pictures follow so closely the great paintings of the Renaissance that the mind is intent rather on the wonder of reproduction than on fidelity to life. The whole panorama moves sedately, with neither haste nor rest, and, long as the divisions are, there is a sense of quiet, almost holy, calm throughout; no one on the stage seems impatient for the end, no one displays excitement other than at times sad emotion. Simply, pervasively, persuasively, type and antetype, scene

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after scene from the Testaments, Old and New, all the majesty of humility, the naturalness of peasant, fisher, and artisan grouped under a quiet, forceful leadership, the beauty of material rites that pass to be replaced by spiritual rites that endure, the falsehood of rotten institutions, the guilt of the Pharisee, the vacillation of the Roman, the condemnation and execution of the innocent, the sorrows of family and friends—one by one all these go forward so skillfully, so smoothly, so as a developed history, that the critical faculty is not once awakened. The chorus is deployed, chants the explanatory preface, breaks ranks, and marches off each time, to reappear again and again and again for the same plaint and evolution, and the onlooker has no sense of artificiality. The curtain rises and displays the wonderful complex picture of the antetype, one sometimes, sometimes two; it falls; from colonnade, porch, gallery, doors, streets, or alleys move persons of all ages in perfect costume, repeat their lines, perform their actions, while the low music rolls up from beneath, and then with dignified grace they all disappear, you scarcely know how or when, and the Scriptures have become real.

Of course it is quite impossible to assume the mental and spiritual attitude of utterly negative and unprejudiced observation at such a time. Hence there are many, very many, who cannot appreciate the Christ, amazing as is the dignity of Anton Lang; nor can they well endure the agonizing realistic scenes of imprisonment, scourging, torture, cross-bearing, and crucifixion; or the descent, or the entombment, both of which are managed with consummate art. The resurrection scene, the appearance to the women and the disciples, and the miraculous ending are wisely and skillfully made very brief, for any attempt to exhibit the supernatural must of course disappoint even the most disciplined expectation. Hence the final effect upon most, even the least emotional, is a sense of gladness that the message of the Passion has been once thus given and received; but there is also a feeling that never again, with the experience once had, would it be desirable to repeat that experience. There might be friction and jars in the soul, a preknowledge and anticipation of worldly device and artifice, which would vitiate the pious impression as a whole—given, as intended to be given, with the style of the temple and the church, and not at all with that of the theater; reverently, and at times ecstatically.

Three considerations emerge from the aftermath of such emotions. The first is the simplicity, continuity, and humanity of the Gospel tale as there told and represented. Whatever view may be taken of Bible inspiration, there yet remains such concomity in the narratives of the evangel as to bring forth a story which convinces by internal evidence, profoundly moves the will to believe, and proves conclusively that the Passion narrative is either a miracle of falsehood or a miracle of grace, an exception utterly to natural law within finite knowledge—that is, of known limits. If it be a tissue or mosaic of lies, human powers have not elsewhere invented nor human ingenuity constructed such a masterpiece of deception. The representation carries the beholder out of the desert of pure reason, exhibits the pragmatism of the exception, and so combines sense, mind, and spirit perceptions that for a time the analytic is superseded by the synthetic procedure of the entire and conjointed man or woman.

Another consideration is the vanity of history as written even by inspired authors without something—puppet, actor, scene, imagined or designed, creative form and movement—wherewith to replace the times and the peoples that are gone. Alas! of all the past, the only reality which remains is the place. And even that, what is it now? Fields drained and tilled where once were swamps and forests; smiling harvests where once there were heaped corpses on a decisive battlefield; ruined keeps ivy-covered and bat-tenanted, where once were the hearthstones of a rising civilization. The years of adventure, of faith, of invention; the periods of social construction and statecraft; the ages of hope, the dreams of Utopias—all have marched away into the limbo—and with them the men and women who animated them. So here in Oberammergau, the place is reconstructed, boldly, rudely, but sufficiently, and man, woman, child, garbed in ways that stimulate the imagination, that suggest and make partly real the read or

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spoken narrative, produce in eye and mind and heart a kind of reality which is very novel and very helpful. There is just enough. There are no wigs, nor rouge, nor facial make-up; just the plain people with their own hair grown long and the costume each wears so comfortably; no footlights, just the sky and cloud (and often rain), the natural foliage and surrounding air. In some scenes several hundred appear, so walking, talking, and grouping themselves that art is lost in nature. This is possibly the greatest achievement of the representation. Many remember when a German princelet emerged from obscurity and earned considerable renown by the mastery of half the number in mob, or legislative gathering, or procession, upon his grand-ducal stage.

Then there are certain parts the interpretation of which is most illuminating. Tradition, for example, has permeated Christendom with a concept of Judas which is so black that the processes of his fall have been utterly obscured and the lesson of the tale entirely lost. Johann Zwink gives us the whole sequence: the man he represents is a careful, anxious manager of the little sodality; shrewd to get and keep money in their purse; a careful student of income and expenditure. So anxious does he become that the purpose of his life, of the union among disciples, of his Master's mission, is lost in the consideration of ways and means. Finally avarice chokes every generous impulse and awakens doubt as to this wonderful but mysterious Jesus who might be the Messiah, as he, like his people, had imagined the Christ to be; yet, with every power at his disposal, the Master prefers poverty and humility. The incident of the precious ointment brings matters to a crisis; such a reception given by his leader to wild extravagance, and besides the vague suggestion of defeat and death! It is time to leave the sinking enterprise and look out for number one. The betrayal does not come with such an awful shock as has been expected. But the unexpected, the terrible consequences—martyrdom and death—produce remorse and despair and suicide. Somehow the lesson of hideous danger that lies in weakness, in the exaggeration of petty virtue into great vice, has been brought home with awful solemnity, and every beholder realizes the embryo of Judas in himself.

Other remarkable instances of interpretation are the institution of the Lord's Supper; the demeanor, policy, and feebleness of Pilate; the deliberations of the Sanhedrim; and the smug self-sufficiency of the Pharisee. Interpretation, however, does not seem to come from the conscious effort of the cast, singly or collectively; it comes without observation by the force of events following each other in their order, and the events so fully elaborated suffice to carry their own meaning. That this is very high art no one could deny, but it is not artifice. Seeing these people in their homes, on the streets, before and after the performance, they are in no way distinguished from their fellow-townsmen except that the men appear strange by their long hair; and at the close of the season, in September, there is such a falling of that as furnishes much relief and some mirth. As yet the participants seem altogether unsophisticated, entirely unconscious of self, free from vainglory, and not desirous to shine.

There is much talk of the commercialism which many declare is insidiously creeping in. Tourist managers have possession of transportation and lodging, earning vast sums for themselves, stimulating profane curiosity throughout the Western world, and creating false ideas of value in modest homes. There is said to be a special contract for the repetitions in case the auditorium overflows in any one of the thirty days of regular performance, and these perfunctory repetitions are thought to injure the spontaneity of the real presentations by the weariness of the participants. Photography has run riot, and, by a monopoly, shop windows far and near in Europe are filled with the permanent and fixed and conscious expression of sentiment which should be momentary. It would be a climax if heed should be given by these very human mountaineers to the dazzling offers made by theatrical managers for production in foreign lands. As yet piety and sincerity hold the field; the community seems to understand that intelligent opinion would condemn any further commercialization as degradation, if not blasphemy.

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A KINDLY JOURNEY

BY JACOB A. RIIS

THE very day before we sailed from home the mail brought me an inquiry from the Massachusetts official bird man as to the starling that gave an unexpected turn to our journey. For the starling, as readers of The Outlook know, is my friend, and in his query whether he is a desirable immigrant, or one to be barred out, I read a latent desire to find out something to his disadvantage. Possibly it was just scientific impartiality, but one's boyhood friendships are not to be intrusted to so cold a thing. So I registered a vow that my first business in Denmark, where no one dare raise his hands against the starling, save only from July 1 to August 19, when cherries are ripe, and then only in the gardens where they grow, should be to subpœna witnesses for him. And I did. I call as my star witness Mrs. Sofie Rostrup, who is the State's consulting authority on diseases of plants caused by the ravages of insects. This is her testimony: The gardener looks askance at the starling because of his liking for cherries and currants; the farmer hails him as one of his best friends because he likes grubs and bugs still better. To specify: the hideous long-legged mosquito that is five times as large as the one that stings, whatever may be its name—that one as a grub feeds on the roots of grasses, so that there will be no top for the cow to eat. Also that other bug which we as children caught and turned over on its back to see it spring into the air with a smart click and right itself—I found out the Latin name of that one, *Elater*. The grub of that is one of the Danish farmer's worst enemies, and, were it not for the starling, would eat him out of house and home. There are others. The starling is no crank. A grub is a grub to him, in Denmark or in America. Mrs. Rostrup's testimony is confirmed without reserve by Inspector Winge, of the Copenhagen Zoölogical Museum. Testimony for the starling poured in upon me from all sides. A farmer who each year houses hundreds of starlings wrote that in the plowing season they practically make an end of the June-bug pest before it takes wing. "Grubs of all kinds they bring home," he wrote, "three or four on each trip, and, as they forage all day long while the young are in the nest and are rarely over three or four minutes away from the box, you can judge for yourself of the pestilent swarms they intercept in field and garden."

Think of a flock of starlings doing business with the seventeen-year locust when it emerges from its long sleep, as tempting as a soft-shell crab, and let the starling be hailed friend and brother in Massachusetts as in Denmark. There they build him houses, with a peg at his hole to sit and whistle on. For they like his jovial, neighborly ways, though he leaves them in winter; while with us he has apparently made up his mind to stay—our only singing bird in the long months of frost. But if one is so dead set on cherries that no bird song can make up for them, Mrs. Rostrup's advice is good: build him boxes in the field and meadow, hang them on the trees there, not in garden or on house. You will still hear his even-song in the tree-tops, when the setting sun gilds them. When you have listened to that till you understand, you will forget all about the cherries.

Was it giving an old friend a lift that lent a kindly touch to our goings and comings and doings abroad all summer? For what sowing is there in the world that grows a more bounteous crop than friendship? The Old Town received us with open arms. The best rooms in the inn were ours. I nearly wept when I saw them. To make room for the new wing they had torn down the classic home of Saxo's translator, Anders Sörensen Vedel, the sixteenth-century parson who on Good Friday rounded the children up in his study and, to give them a realizing sense of the bitterness of the Passion, thrashed them until their shrieks drowned the clangor of the church-bells across the way. The rooks in the tower seemed to mock their misery with reminiscent caws even then. Ah, well, the world moves after all, and not only in the realm of theology—Christianity, they called that in

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those days. All his learning and labors left the parson so poor that he had to get his friend Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, to appeal to the Danish women to send their "linen sarks" to the paper-mill that he might get his book printed, or, to the lasting loss of Danish history, it would never have come out. That was then. His next-door neighbor's house still stands, now become an Old People's Home, and it is one of three such in the town of less than that number of thousand souls.

They are all good, but the one run by the town itself is the best. It is the kindest I ever saw anywhere. With Karl, my old schoolfellow, who as the fiscal officer of the town planned it all and loves it, I went and saw the old men and women sunning themselves in the garden, or in their cozy, homelike rooms. They knew me, every one. This one had nursed me as a baby; that one did our washing. Oh, those fortnightly washings—or was it monthly?—that began at three in the morning, with four or five women beating the clothes with wooden mallets, knee-deep in the creek! They held my hand as if with it they kept their failing grip on the old days that long since had become life itself to them, and they asked after kin and friends "over there in your great land." The fat old fellow who played the big fiddle at our dancing-school, that always grunted a reluctant consent a note behind the rest—even he was there, fatter than ever, and with little ripples of laughter breaking out over his jolly old face at the recollection. Near ninety he said he was. No doubt of it; and I shall find him there chuckling in his chair when he is a hundred, if I come back; that I know. Why should any one want to leave such a place? Why, they even have, hard by their pretty reading-room where they meet and chat and play games, a little den with fixings so that they can go and make themselves a drop of coffee when the fancy takes them, as it is right and proper it should, without asking any one by your leave. So fond have they grown of the place that Karl told me they clamored for a burial chapel to be fixed up in a vacant room until they got it. They didn't want to leave it, even when they were dead, one minute before their time; not they.

We talked it over, Karl and I, one day when we were fishing, while he pulled in—or should I say out?—all the salmon that had clearly been waiting for me to come for them. But I didn't mind it a bit, with the slanting sunlight on the green meadow, on the forget-me-nots that nodded to the slow current under the bank, and with him telling the story of his work in the patient way that fitted it all so well. He had watched it grow since we were boys, the whole scheme of old age pensions in which Denmark has set the pace among the nations, and he had worked out his own share in it with hearty good will. But his pleasure in the old people's happiness did not blind him to the flaw in it all.

"Unless," he meditated slowly, as he spitted another minnow on his hook, "unless we make them somehow contribute while they are able and can do it, as in the unemployment insurance plan, we are bidding for something we didn't bargain for and can ill afford; and that we haven't yet laid hold of. There!"—the line grew suddenly taut and ran off the reel with the whir beloved of fishermen—"I knew there was a pickerel in that hole!"

That not even the wise precaution of the out-of-work insurance plan removes the last peril from that path I learned from a bright young clergyman who had headed the charities of his town in the winter just past. There was great suffering due to lack of work, and they *made* jobs for the emergency, offering a dollar and a half for the short winter working-day. But some who were members of organized bodies refused to accept. Their argument was conclusive: if we accept, we have to give twenty-five cents a day to the fund that insures us. That makes our income a dollar and a quarter. But if we don't work, the fund gives us a dollar and forty cents as being out of work. So we are fifteen cents better off, with no wear and tear, for staying idle." They do not reckon with dollars in Denmark, and the exact figure I have forgotten, but the ratio is correct. The fifteen cents carried the day.

The Latin School welcomed the old boy, and the Rector spoke winged words of Roosevelt as the embodiment of the

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peoples' hopes and strivings in our day. Do you think I rose to that bait, flung at me in my own Old Town? Aye, and so did they. I saw it in their shining eyes, those boys and girls—they have let in the girls since I sat on the bench—saw that he had left a mark on his all-too-brief visit to the home of my fathers that will tell for good citizenship in the days to come. And I joyfully wore the mark deeper as I was able.

Our schedule said that we were to go away the day after, but we had to stay over for the wedding of Hans's oldest daughter. Hans and his brothers were of my clan when we played robbers in the "middle miller's" yard—that was theirs—and the chance of seeing them all together again was not to be interfered with by any schedule whatsoever. So we marched up the aisle with our wives to the strains of the organ, in evening dress in the middle of the afternoon, with uniforms and decorations, such as had them, and in the chancel we sat and sang the sweet old hymns and listened to the parson's sermon. No bride and groom get away without a sermon in Denmark, one specially made for them, and when it was over we changed partners and marched out again, and were driven to the Club, where dinner was waiting. We made it wait so long a time for those who providently had eaten no lunch that inquiries aside were set on foot as to the wherefor. It turned out that we were waiting for a young mother who had first to go home and nurse her baby. It was only fair that she should not for that cause go without her soup. She came at last, and we sat down together, practically everybody in the Old Town who was anybody, the sweet little bride crowned with the myrtle wreath she will keep while she lives. No orange-blossoms with their outlandish smell for Danish brides, and good luck to them! The myrtle is ten times as pretty, anyway. She grows it herself, from childhood, and her best friend binds the wreath and crowns her with it.

The speechmaking began almost immediately. The Danes ought to be the greatest after-dinner, or at-dinner, speakers in the world. They let no chance escape them, and, once started, they keep it right up. Almost every one in that large company had his say, and, if there was one who did not, some of them made up for it with many speeches. When I hung back, Karl gave me a gentle hint as to what was expected of me, and I came up manfully. As the day wore into evening and the dishes kept coming, the speeches grew more fluent and fervent. There was one, a kinsman of the bride, who at brief intervals delivered himself of most interesting reminiscences. He kept working back to them until I sat up with a start when I heard him begin his fourth or fifth address in this wise: "Still the memories keep crowding. Just now the sight of a friendly face carried me back to the day I was baptized—"

Children are christened in the Old Town while they are in swaddling-clothes; but while I stared open-mouthed at this prodigy, the speaker broke suddenly off and went right over and kissed the friendly face, which proved to belong to the doctor's wife, who had held him in baptism. Whereupon the entire company, hailing her the beloved friend in need ever, went and did likewise. The old doctor looked on and smiled happily.

Out of the din and commotion caused by this spontaneous pilgrimage there rose a voice pleading for justice to the fair sex. As the company settled down he was discovered standing, glass in hand, making his argument. Too much had been said, to his mind, in praise of the boys whom I had so wanted to see. Now, he liked the girls, and Hans had but two, both of whom were now spoken for. One was being carried off even then, and the other was soon to follow. Then there would be no girls left in that home they had cheered. That is, of course—

A sudden thought seemed to strike the speaker. He pondered it soberly and fixed the bride's parents with a questioning look; "unless, of course! was there any hope?" The gray-haired host gazed at a plum pudding coming down the aisle, his face as expressionless as a barn door. But the speaker stood his ground. "Eh?" he urged, intent upon the answer. "Was there?"

"No," said Hans, patiently but decisively. The other shook his head.

"Too bad," he mused; "and such girls!"

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That night, when the young couple had gone away, attended to the station by the whole merry host, I saw the keeper of the Kosmorama show, when the last patron had paid for his ticket, go into the street and call in the boys to see the pictures. And they told me that the poorhouse folk and the feeble-minded children from the asylum went in free right along. Did I not tell you that kindness and courtesy lay over all they did and said in the Old Town, like a mantle?

It was so when we came to Copenhagen, but there I saw for once that courtesy set a trap—for me among others. At least I think it was that. We had gone out on the flat island of Amager to see the man-birds fly. They sat in their machines trying to persuade them to do the stunt. One did fly a few hundred feet, looking for all the world like a huge dragon-fly, and making the same noise with its wings that frightens city children so, and then broke down. Another flatly refused to budge. The third and ugliest showed signs, and cries went up at intervals, "There she goes!" But she didn't. The owner was trying his best; but he was a man, it seemed, with many friends, who had all come to see him off. They stood around, and more kept coming right along. And every one of them took off his hat to the man in the machine, and he had to do the same—not lift it or just nod—not in Denmark. Courtesy there requires that the hat shall come away off and be held at arm's length. Each time he did it he had to straighten up and drop the wrench. They simply gave him no chance to fly, and he didn't. And then they kicked afterward. Such is life. They owe me five kroner, those courteous Danes—the price our party paid to see what would have happened but for their interference. I hold it against them, not against the man-birds.

When the schedule resumed its sway, we traveled down into Germany, where I always walk with a chip on my shoulder, for I cannot forget the Great Robbery of my boyhood that wiped out the thousand-years' frontier of Denmark and moved it north to the very doors of the Old Town, nor the worse perfidy of the robbers, when Napoleon was crushed, in "resolving" that the clause in the peace treaty which gave to the men of North Slesvig the right of deciding by vote to which country they rightfully belonged "was no longer in force." No one born in Denmark can ever forget that. If there is such a one, I don't want to meet him. For all that, before I knew it the chip was gone, and there was no fight. The truth is that nobody could keep it there long among these people, Hessians though they be, so that there ought of right to be two chips, one Danish and one of American antecedents. You cannot lay it up against them. Their friendliness absolutely disarms one. It is not only the great things their baths do for one, it is the people themselves. The very Government overwhelms you with kindly counsel and care. Lest you fall into a fit of absent-mindedness when mailing your letter, there is an insistent placard on the mail-box where you must look at it squarely: "Not forget address and stamp." The street-car conductor wishes you a good-morning, as indeed you have need, for never was more beastly weather than harassed Europe last summer; your fellow-passengers, too. If you walk on the grass at the fireworks in the park, the policeman does not yell at you, "G'wan off that grass! D'ye think it is made to walk on?" He suggests to you patiently that so you may get in the way of other folk who want to see too, which is true. In the railway dining-car you are respectfully requested in print to take your glass in your hand when you pour out a drink. And, though this is for the benefit of the company, it saves you embarrassment too. It only seems somehow incomplete in not mentioning which hand.

My washwoman shakes my hand and brings her baby for me to see. Ah, those blue-eyed German children, with their frank, laughing faces! They are worth seeing, indeed. When I stop to pat the panting dog that hauls the milk-boy's cart, the costermonger, who has been looking on with friendly approval, hastens to uncover his horse to show me how fat and sleek it is. The patient beast is evidently the family friend as well as its wage-earner, or one of them. The honest cabman—they are all honest here, except in Hamburg—who drove us around the first day enslaved us then and there with his jovial

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camaraderie. He calls regularly when he thinks it is time for us to take a drive, and we go with a sigh if we had made other plans. We couldn't think of disappointing him. Even the presence here of William R. Hearst and the Czar—both at once—has no power to jar the kindly contentment of the place. The one sits unheeded, watching the tennis-players at their game; the other takes a hand in the game himself and goes about peacefully unattended, as if there were no Nihilists in the world. We met him the other day on the path over the fields to Friedberg, and I took off my hat to him for his mother's sake. When I was a young lad, we loved the beautiful Dagmar and her sister Alexandra devotedly, every one of us. But I itched to tell him that it was not because of what he is doing to poor Finland, or to his Jewish subjects, I saluted him. I wonder what he would have thought of an indignant American citizen's opinion of it all. I shall never find out now; he went his way unenlightened, too. We looked after him, my boy and I, each with his own feelings.

"Is that all?" said Bill, with deep disappointment in his voice. "Why, I thought that where he went they were shooting at him across the street like a regular Fourth of July!" And so one illusion vanished.

I had read in a Frankfort paper that the police had quietly weeded out a couple of hundred suspects from among the Nauheim bathers in anticipation of his coming, which might account for the lack of fireworks. If at the same time it turned the seamy side out of the peace-and-good-will scheme, what of it? One does not reckon with Russia and the Czar when dreaming of the millennium. Not yet.

One little touch of tragedy crept into the picture and made it real. One day, loitering about the *Gradierwerke*—the great brush-heaps through which the salt from the springs is sifted and freed from lime and other mineral ingredients to make it fit for commerce—we fell in with the manager, a tall, soldierly-looking fellow, who showed us around with evident interest in the strangers from the far country. "I live there," he said, and pointed to a neat little cottage by the great clattering mill-wheel. Happy children were playing in the road, and a comely matron stood by the gate chatting contentedly with a neighbor. When we tarried again by the spring, a coffin was carried out. Our friend was dead. They had found him at his post with his gun. Why he had killed himself no one seemed to know. The next day a table stood neatly spread under the chestnut by the cottage door, with rows of clean glasses mutely entreating the pennies of the passers-by who stopped to drink. A sad-eyed woman in a poor black dress sat gazing far away, mechanically knitting on a child's stocking. The autumn wind whirled the withered leaves about her. Her brief summer was over. Another had been added to the army of wage-earners which, the president of Germany's Woman's Society the other day reminded the Kaiser, already includes half of the women in great, prosperous Germany.

Bad Nauheim, Germany.

THE CORAL-BUILDERS

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

Poor coral-builders, shall our work remain?
  Shaping an island in the eternal sea,
Whose great tides sweep around our toil and pain
  With laugh and gleam, in baffling mystery.
  What vision moves us, striving mightily
To weld our lives into the desolate strand?—
  We see the sun and stars of years to be
Rising in wonder on the living land!

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THE COST OF MOTORING

BY A MAN OF MODERATE MEANS

THERE are in this country about four hundred and fifty thousand automobiles, including passenger and freight vehicles, representing a cash investment of something like $600,000,000. An eminent educator, and many less eminent ones, as well as bankers and professional men, have become alarmed at this situation, and have repeatedly warned the public that a continued indulgence in this form of luxury will inevitably bring disaster to the individual and to the country. The charge has been made and denied many times that homes are being mortgaged to buy automobiles, that unfortunate and unnecessary sacrifices are being made by the middle classes. In this connection the following bona fide advertisements, taken from the columns of a reputable automobile journal, are interesting:

WANTED—Automobile, late model, in exchange for 640 acres unincumbered land in North Dakota, close to R.R. Albert Lea, Minn.

WANTED, an automobile; will exchange horse, harness, canopy-top beach wagon, and democrat wagon, all in good condition; Stevens-Duryea preferred. Newton, Mass.

WILL EXCHANGE one-half interest in some valuable mining ground for auto, with right party. For full information address Goldfield, Nev.

WANTED to exchange, stock in mineral spring proposition for 4-cylinder touring car. Fort Valley, Ga.

WANTED—Automobile in exchange for 490 acres unincumbered Georgia land; car must be in first-class condition and one of the high-priced; no cheap or much used car will be considered; state full particulars first letter. Sterling, Ill.

AUTOMOBILE as part payment in exchange for 10-room house, Elm Hill District, Roxbury, Mass. Address Box 29.

HALF interest in 300 acres pine lands in phosphate belt, Florida, to exchange for good automobile, or will exchange whole interest for two, $3,000 value. Brookville, Fla.

I HAVE a Hamiltonian stallion, 3 years old, well broke and very fast, ¼ of mile on track at 2 years old in 2:30 clip; large, strong, good headed and sound in every way. Will exchange for touring car of good make. What have you to offer in that line? Address N. W. S.

In a town of about sixty thousand inhabitants there are on record mortgages to the amount of $90,000, the proceeds of which have been expended in the purchase of automobiles. On the other hand, the manufacturers of motor cars point out that the automobile industry is one of great importance to thousands of wage-earners; that that portion of the public that is buying automobiles is not spending so much money for surplus clothes, theaters, jewels, flowers, and other forms of the non-necessities. There is a large element of fact in the statements made on both sides. It is undoubtedly true that the automobile has been the cause of wild extravagance or reckless expenditure. When the desire to own a motor car gets a firm hold on the masculine mind, or on the women members of a family, the result is almost inevitable. The price of the car, the cost of maintenance, the rapid depreciation, have no terrors for the uninformed. It is entirely natural that the family of moderate means, seeing their neighbors and friends in similar circumstances driving automobiles, should come to the conclusion that they can also afford to indulge in the same luxury. The fallacy concealed in this line of reasoning is that the average family can afford the expenditure of money involved in the ownership and operation of a motor car. This is the erroneous conclusion that has led to much loss and much deprivation.

The chief difficulty in acquiring a sensible attitude toward the purchase of a motor car is that the prospective purchaser, in a large proportion of instances, refuses or neglects to inform himself accurately as to the cost of maintenance. Under the influence of the alluring aspects of automobiling, the enthusiastic and highly colored accounts of his friends, together with the persuasiveness of the agent, he frequently finds himself the possessor of an automobile without having anything but a hazy, vague idea as to what it is going to cost him per year for maintenance. The prudent man will, of course, inform himself fully on this point, but even his calculations may be very wide of the mark, owing to unexpected contingencies. A safe plan to follow would be to make a very liberal estimate, based upon authoritative information, for the yearly maintenance, and then multiply it by two. Should the outgo equal this sum or approach it, there will be no disappointment; should it fall under it, there will be a pleasant surprise.

This was the plan that was followed in

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the purchase of my first car. The statements following will show that the estimate was not too generous.

The writer is a member of a family of three adults who live most simply in a home of their own of modest dimensions near the edge of a town of about thirty thousand population. The income per year is $4,000. The expenditure for clothing is not more than $600; the table costs $500; the services of one maid and of a man who takes care of the furnace and the automobile cost $375. After all expenses, including $250 premium on a life insurance policy, were paid, there was a surplus of from $600 to $800. With this yearly surplus to count on, and having about $2,500 in cash, we decided that we could afford to indulge in the luxury of owning an automobile. In such circumstances we concluded that we were not justified in paying more than $1,500 for the car, nor more than $500 for a garage and its complete equipment. The cost of maintenance was estimated at $25 per month.

The car, a runabout seating two persons, cost $1,450; the garage, a small frame building, costs $100; and what was considered to be a proper equipment, $300. The frame garage was unheated and unsatisfactory, and after one year's use it was replaced by a brick building that is heated by being connected with the hot-water system that heats the dwelling-house, which involved an additional outlay of $400, making a total of $2,250.

The cost of maintenance has been as follows. The total expense, including gasoline, oil, supplies of all kinds, repairs, and additions, was:

For the first year—

Total cost	$148.23
Cost per month	$12.35
Miles traveled	2,655
Cost per mile	5.6 cts.

Second year—

Total cost	$385.02
Cost per month	$32.09
Miles traveled	3,560
Cost per mile	10.8 cts.

Third year—

Total cost	$352.00
Cost per month	$29.33
Miles traveled	3,727
Cost per mile	9.4 cts.
Total expense for maintenance for three years	$895.25

The large increase in the second year in the total for the year, and therefore in the cost per mile, was due to the purchase of five complete new tires—$241, in which is included the cost of keeping them in repair. The low cost of the first year is due partly to the comparatively small number of miles traveled, 2,655, and to the fact that it was not necessary to purchase any tires, those supplied with the car having lasted just about a year. For the fourth year there will be another large tire item, involving an outlay of about $250. It is to be noted in explanation of these results that the owner drives his own car and takes care of it, except in the matter of removing dust and grease and polishing the brass; this is done by the furnaceman once a week. The condition of the car is never neglected; it receives at least ten minutes' attention once a day, and a thorough inspection once a week. It is always well groomed. The owner makes all the minor repairs and adjustments. The car is driven most conservatively. In town a speed of twelve miles per hour is rarely exceeded; in the country, on very rare occasions only has it been driven faster than sixteen miles per hour, for the simple reason that the occupants prefer that speed to any of the higher ones.

Although the car is exceptionally well built and has had excellent care on the road and in the garage, to reduce the cost of upkeep seems impossible. If it were neglected or driven at the speed of which it is capable—the speed maintained constantly by many motorists—the expenses would soon be greatly increased.

In the foregoing calculations the annual depreciation has not been considered. If the car were sold to-day, it is doubtful if it would bring more than $600. Not because it is worn out or even badly worn, but it is three years old, which is an advanced age in automobiledom. It is old-fashioned. Were the depreciation counted in, the average cost of running the car per mile becomes 17.5 cents. Be it remembered that this is for maintaining a first-class runabout. If it were an inferior machine or a touring car, the cost per mile would be greatly increased. It is not uncommon for a touring car to cost its owner twenty-five cents or more per

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mile. The expense account of a limousine may easily show fifty cents per mile.

The only item in the above enumeration that may be reasonably criticised is the amount invested in equipment, $300. This is largely a matter of judgment and taste. It was decided to get an equipment for the garage that would enable an individual with no mechanical training or inclination to handle successfully such small repairs as would be required from time to time. It contains no luxuries, no superfluous articles. Without it many a trip to the repair man would be necessary. It has proved an excellent investment.

To the man who intends to purchase a car of moderate price, and take care of it himself, it may be an unpleasant fact to learn that he will, sooner or later, spend from $300 to $400, or more, for necessary tools and appliances, in order that he may cut down repair bills. In the end he will find it wiser to make this initial expenditure, because it will save him more than its cost.

A small family with an income of $4,000 may easily decide that they can afford a motor car, and they can if they are willing to agree beforehand that they will divert a certain portion of the income which now goes to various quarters to the maintenance of the car. If the husband is carrying life insurance, and attempting at the same time to add monthly sums to a savings account, he may soon find that the car is making serious inroads into what he formerly considered his surplus.

In my own family we have recently been discussing the advisability of new papering for the house or new tires for the car; we cannot do both. The papering will have to be postponed for at least a year; the car must be kept in commission. This is but one of many compromises we have been required to make, but they have all been made cheerfully, and we will continue to make them cheerfully so long as may be necessary. The car has widened our outlook, broadened our sympathies, and has brought us so much pleasure and profit that never for a moment have we regretted its purchase.

The family whose income is not equal to its real necessities, or is only nearly equal, should not purchase an automobile. The family that has only a small cash surplus at the end of the year should not buy one unless it is willing to make certain inescapable sacrifices.

AMERICA AND CHINA

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

THE Chinese have many evident good qualities. But they have shown three bad ones: they have been inert; they have been indocile; they have been procrastinating.

As to inertness, we are not able even now to imagine an "eager" China, as we think of an eager Japan—admirably eager to get the best things of modern life. "That contingent in every Chinese community which has come under the influence of outside influences, educational, commercial, or religious, is ready and usually eager for betterments," it is true. Furthermore, "when leadership is once set up among the people, the mass may be expected to follow." Dr. Wilder, our efficient Consul at Shanghai, is responsible for these statements. But, as he is careful to add, the bulk of China goes on in much the same old way.

Again, the Chinese are hard to teach. According to Dr. Wilder, the docile Japanese spirit is quite lacking in China.

Finally, even a critic so generally favorable to China as Mr. Thomas F. Millard admits that the procrastinating methods of the Chinese have been inseparable from their administrative processes. In comparison with Japan or with other nations, however, one must of course take in consideration the vast bulk of China, the lack of homogeneity in her population, and the peculiar social and political conditions.

Dr. Wilder's and Mr. Millard's criticisms may be found in a collection of papers edited by Professor George H. Blakeslee,

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head of the Department of History at Clark University, and published under the title "China and the Far East."[1] No recent publication on China calls for more prominent chronicling. The Flowery Kingdom is properly put to the fore, and occupies four-fifths of the volume. All of the papers on China are well worth reading. But five are specially worth while, for they throw new light on Americo-Chinese relations. The five papers are by Messrs. Wilder and Millard; by the Hon. Chester Holcombe, former Acting Minister to China; by Dr. F. W. Williams, Professor of Modern Oriental History at Yale; and by Dr. Hamilton Wright, representative of the American Government at the recent International Opium Commission at Shanghai.

These papers form a condensed yet vivid history of the policies consistently applied by us in China. However deplorable the outrageously drastic interpretation of our Chinese Exclusion Act may have been—and it certainly has been deplorable—our policies in general certainly entitle the American Government to support Chinese territorial, administrative, and commercial integrity without the suspicions attaching to the alleged supporters of that policy among other Governments.

The first Yankee ship to invade the exclusive region of the English East India Company was the Empress of China, from New York. It arrived at Canton in 1784. Trade between America and China began with a rush, the significant reason being that our traders were free from governmental restraint at the time when all Europeans were controlled by the monopolistic government of their various East India Companies.

America's religious and educational endeavors in China began shortly after. In 1829 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent to China its first missionary, the Rev. Mr. Bridgeman. Four years later he was followed by the famous S. Wells Williams. Our people then induced some Chinese students to come to America. Thus was laid the foundation of an admirable educational influence. It has persisted ever since.

[1] Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $2.

The opium war of 1840 between England and China was concluded by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842. Admiral Kearney of the American squadron then visited Canton, the capital of the two southern provinces. He induced the Viceroy of those provinces to memorialize the Throne to place America on the same footing as England had been placed in securing the advantages of the Nanking trade. In this connection we learn that the great cause of the war was scarcely mentioned in the text of that treaty. "There was not a word in it," says Dr. Wright, "that compelled the Chinese to receive Indian opium." He adds, however, that by the end of the last century "China found herself bound hand and foot by treaties legalizing the traffic, and some sixty thousand piculs of foreign opium—chiefly Indian—pouring in on her." The Indian opium-growers had succeeded in their aim, treaty or no treaty, and had brought obloquy on the English Government.

It is, as Mr. Holcombe says, like getting a breath of fresh air to turn from the history of the attempts to introduce opium into China to the treaty negotiations between that country and the United States. Caleb Cushing was the first representative appointed by our Government for that purpose. The treaty negotiated by him was signed in 1844. It actually bestowed upon America all the rights and privileges secured by British military operations. In the same year a French treaty was signed. Of the French and American embassies, Dr. S. W. Williams, who was upon the spot, says: "The gratification of the Chinese statesmen was great at finding that the missions from the American and French Governments were not sent, like the English expedition, to demand indemnity and the cession of an island." Mr. Holcombe, who ought to know, adds: "The United States has always maintained the good opinion of the Chinese Government then and thus secured."

But these first contracts did not bring foreign Governments into direct touch and communication with the Emperor of China. That was not accomplished until 1861, when, as the result of the second opium war, consent was given

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to the permanent residence of diplomatic representatives at Peking. These treaties ended the second period of China's political education by foreigners. Envoys now reached the Flowery Kingdom to take up diplomatic relations. Fortunately for America, our representative was a man whose spirit accepted without prejudice the idea of including men of all races and colors in the common family of civilized nations. This was Anson Burlingame. As Dr. F. W. Williams says, "He made it clear that his Government opposed on principle any policy of spoliation towards China. He called the attention of the foreigners to the grave dangers attending illegal attempts to exploit China for selfish aims. His idea was essentially the same as the 'open door' policy of America announced forty years later." No wonder that Mr. Holcombe exclaims: "If the great Powers of Europe had concurred forty years since in the humane and reasonable policy adopted and consistently followed by the United States, there would have been no Boxer movement and no serious or irremediable friction or conflict between the great Oriental Empire and the Western world."

Until the wars of 1840 and 1860, as Dr. Wilder shows, the Chinese really believed their country to be the dominant kingdom of the earth in point of arms; "indeed, this idea lingered, as shown by the purpose in the Boxer uprising to expel once and for all the foreigners." Yet China, by that very Boxer uprising, became prostrate among the nations—just as the nations were about to rise to partition her. Their threat to do this certainly was a principal cause in rousing the Chinese, first against their own rulers, and then against all foreigners, in the Boxer rebellion.

As, sixty years before, a great American protested single-handed and successfully, so now another great American did the same. In 1899 John Hay, Secretary of State, secured formal agreements from the Powers to an open-door policy in their trade with China in the so-called "spheres of influence" and in territories leased by the Powers from China. Mr. Hay justly feared that, as these territories came under the more immediate control of the Powers, they would erect high tariff rules. His success in preventing this was almost universally acclaimed. But there were a few captious critics. For instance, Mr. Josiah Quincy accused Mr. Hay of committing us to a policy "impossible of attainment by our own independent action, and, if pursued with other Powers, fraught with the gravest possibilities of those international entanglements with European nations which it is our historic policy to keep out of." The action, however, so far from involving us in international entanglements, proposed the only safe course by which a world conflict beginning with commercial misunderstanding over distracted China was avoided and land hunger held in check.

The following year (1900) the Boxer uprising occurred. Secretary Hay promptly notified the Powers of our Government's purpose to rescue the Americans in danger and then to "seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve its territorial integrity and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed by treaty and international law, and safeguard to the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire." While Peking was still uncaptured Mr. Hay forestalled any attempt of the Powers at partitioning the Empire by securing from each declarations against a policy which each might have favored but which each was backward about proposing!

In 1901 the Powers, in compelling Chinese atonement for the Boxer atrocities, wanted to impose an oppressive indemnity. This, Mr. Millard pertinently points out, would have made China the fiscal vassal of foreign nations for an indefinite period. Mr. Hay refused to consent to such an indemnity, and declared that whatever of the indemnity finally imposed was not actually covered by American losses should be returned to China.

In 1904 our Government rendered a further service to China in inducing Russia and Japan to confine their hostilities to a definite region, so as to keep the devastating results of war from exceeding the boundaries of the Chinese province of Manchuria.

In 1905 President Roosevelt gave proofs of our friendship towards a de-

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feated Russia and towards a victorious Japan which was none the less rapidly approaching bankruptcy, but especially towards China. Not only did he dominatingly influence the termination of the Russo-Japanese War, he secured the definite assent of Russia and Japan in the Treaty of Portsmouth to the restoration of Manchuria to China, and to an acknowledgment in that document of the doctrines of the open door and territorial integrity.

In 1907 famine and flood visited the Chinese Empire, and American generosity, through the American Red Cross, outdistanced that of any other Power in promptness and amplitude of succor and relief.

There has been something still more important, however. The opium habit had sapped the moral fiber of the Chinese. No nation, save our own, has shown any very striking effort to redeem them. Some years ago the American Government forbade the importation of opium into the Philippines except for medicinal purposes. Our success in driving opium out of the Philippines had a good effect, not only there, but also in India and China. As Lord Morley, until lately Secretary of State for India, himself a strong anti-opium advocate, prophesied, when the Chinese realized that we regarded the evils of opium-smoking so great that we would not even passively assent to our citizens engaging in the traffic, the wisest of the Chinese statesmen took heart, and the result was a movement in China to suppress the opium evil. The movement was encouraged by the British Government, which agreed to limit the opium exportation from India. Thereupon, in 1908, the American Government invited those Powers which have material interests in the Far East to join it in the meeting of an International Opium Commission at Shanghai. The invitation was accepted. In 1909 the Commission met and made a thorough study of the problem, a study well summarized by Dr. Wright, the leading American authority on the subject of opium and other habit-forming drugs. The Commission came to certain unanimous declarations, and left the field clear for the assembling of an International Conference with full powers to conventionalize the Shanghai declarations and such questions as grew out of it. Thereupon the American Government summoned the nations to such a conference. It will shortly convene at The Hague.

In recapitulating the history of Americo-Chinese relations, especially the seven very notable examples of American friendliness, altruism, and protection during very recent years, one can hardly help noting a fundamental difference between our century-old policy in China and the conventional attitude of other nations. We stand for a China for the Chinese. On the other hand, certain other nations have, as Mr. Millard thinks, seemed to feel that China should remain in their leading-strings indefinitely, until, perchance, her alleged backwardness could be made an excuse for assuming that her case is hopeless and that she must remain either a permanent international ward or be segregated into portions, as parts of her territory now are, under foreign quasi-sovereignty.

Is this the spirit of the recently signed Russo-Japanese Treaty regarding Manchuria? No, say high authorities, both Russian and Japanese. We must, of course, accept their opinion until the contrary be shown. But it would have been reassuring had the treaty's text disclosed a more aggressive desire to help China to become actually self-reliant. That is the American desire. As President Taft says, our Government "will encourage the Chinese Empire to take long steps in administrative and governmental reform, in the development of her natural resources, and the improvement and welfare of her people." In this way, as he adds, "China will indubitably add strength to her position as a self-respecting nation, may resist all foreign aggressions seeking undue, exclusive, or proprietary privileges in her territory, and, without foreign aid, enforce an open-door policy of equal opportunity to all."

To this end the good already done by American merchants, missionaries, educators, and diplomats in China outweighs, one must believe, the good done by any other nation. Without undue pride, therefore, Americans may claim that history gives them the right to the title of China's best friend. It devolves upon the men of to-day to show themselves worthy of such a record.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Helen Keller has dedicated her latest work, "The Song of the Stone Wall," to the memory of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, whom she holds in greatest love and reverence. That she can put into musical words the effect of sounds and sights that are forever shut away from her through the ordinary avenues of the senses is truly wonderful. She thinks with the concentration of the undisturbed, a privilege not always appreciated by those deprived as she is. She wanders out of doors, and by her trained imagination conceives poetic ideas that cluster about the old New England fields bounded by stone walls, symbols of many spiritual truths. She sets these thoughts down in flowing blank verse, and recalls the history of New England, its growth and later development. The book, of generous size, is decorative and contains eight full-page pictures of the author, with her comrade the stone wall in the background. (The Century Company, New York. $1.20.)

Mrs Mabel Tuke Priestman has prepared two volumes, fully illustrated, for the use of amateur craftsmen and home builders. "Handicrafts in the Home" is a practical guide to the many forms of manual art so often practiced by untrained hands and uneducated eyes. Good taste and simplicity reign in these pages, and it is hoped that they will prove of real help to home workers who are trying to achieve the beautiful. "Artistic Homes" is not designed to be a book of ground-plans, but it describes actual homes, tells how they were built, and, fortunately, is not confined to the most expensive sort of houses and grounds. The pictures in both of these books are excellent photogravures, and are so many that they elucidate the text at every point. Especially attractive are the photographs and brief descriptions of Alice Barber Stephens's unique suburban house near Philadelphia, a beautiful and artistic adaptation of an old stone barn for studios, to which was attached a harmonious home. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $2 each.)

"The Narrative Bible," edited by Mr. Clifton Johnson, brings together in continuity, with suitable chapter divisions, those large portions of the Bible which are naturally attractive to children of school age. The text is that of the common version, occasionally amended by the revised. Its fine typographical form and illustrations by Gustave Doré add to its suitableness as a gift book. It is highly desirable for early initiation into that knowledge of the Bible which is at present a much-neglected constituent of at least a good English education. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.50.)

The New Mediæval Library, with its ancient-looking leather covers and metal clasps, affords just the right setting for the "Ancient English Christmas Carols," corrected, arranged, and annotated by Miss Edith Rickert, who has evidently given loving thoroughness to her task. In her introduction we are told that the praise of "Dan Noël" in carol can be traced back at least to the year 1225, and it is believed that some Anglo-Saxon Yule songs might fairly be included. In the present book over two hundred anonymous carols are classified, dated approximately, and presented as merely representative specimens of a far larger number. There are also a few signed Christmas hymns and lyrics. Puritanism gave a death-blow to the quaint writing of the carol proper, but the Christmas feeling has many lovely examples in later verse. Altogether the little volume appeals to both the scholarly taste and the holiday spirit. (Duffield & Co., New York. $2.)

To the art student Émile Michel's "Great Masters of Landscape Painting" is valuable not so much on account of its impressive physical appearance as because of its treatment of the painters of epochs previous to our own. As no living artists are included, one must seek elsewhere for appreciations of them. This seems unfortunate when we consider the rise of so important a present-day school as is that of the Impressionists. The name of only one Impressionist—Sisley—is included. Indeed, the few pages given to the school at the end of the book would almost indicate that mention of it had occurred to the critic just before he had quite finished his work. Moreover, of the important landscapists who have recently died, a disproportionate space seems given to Frenchmen. Of course, one may recognize the dominating importance in landscape painting of such artists as Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Daubigny, Français, Cazin, and others of their compatriots. No one will regret the space given to them. But it certainly does not seem fair to devote but half a dozen pages to the non-French landscapists, and then, among them, to mention only Millais, Clays, Jongkind, Mauve, Böcklin, the two Achenbachs, Nittis, Pasini, and Segantini. No American is mentioned. When one thinks of Inness, for instance, this seems strange. If, to the student of art, the book's value—and it certainly has great value—lies in the critic's interesting and authoritative estimate of the landscapists of past epochs, another value should also be noted, namely, the prominence given to artists whose efforts at landscape have in our eyes been completely overshadowed by their other efforts—such men as van Eyck, for example, and Rubens, Rembrandt, Dürer, Titian, and Velasquez. (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.)

Among the beautiful books of the season a high place must be given to a collection of fairy tales, "Green Willow and Other Japanese Fairy Tales," by Grace James. Nowadays, perhaps as a kind of reaction against

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the pressing activities of the time and the inevitable materialism which goes with them, fairy tales are in great demand, and when they are the real thing, there could be nothing better for the education of children or the edification of their elders. In the lives of most people the imagination is a wholly neglected faculty; anything that appeals to it is welcome and valuable, and that is what a good fairy tale does. There have been many Japanese tales, interesting alike in their substance and in their difference from Western fairy tales, many of them highly characteristic of the talented and artistic race which created them. The chief figure in this volume is a soldier, courtier, and poet, of the old order of Samurai, who have figured so largely in the history of Japan; and the stories that are woven about the various figures are delightful examples of the grotesque charm which is part of every piece of Japanese art. The illustrations by Mr. Warwick Goble are a delight to the eye. They are a sympathetic but free handling of the Eastern themes and the Eastern spirit, with a touch of the Western manner; beautiful in design and in color, they must be placed among the most artistic illustrations of the season. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.)

The announcement of any description of natural scenery by Mr. Robert Hichens is sure to awaken interest in the wide circle of readers who have enjoyed this author's pen-pictures of Algiers and Egypt. When it is known that Mr. Hichens's present subject is "The Holy Land," that interest is doubled. The difficulty with most books about Palestine and the Holy Land has been that their authors have been so anxious to connect the exact Bible text with the exact bit of scenery as to lose the atmospheric charm to be found by the mere traveler even if he have not his Bible always in his hand. While, of course, the Book adds infinitely to the impressiveness of the Holy Land, there is such a thing as too much literalness. Mr. Hichens's exquisite sensuousness and artistic insight may be relied upon to avoid this, though some will say that he leans too far in the other direction. While certain features of Syrian vegetation have always appealed to travelers—the cedars of Lebanon or the oleanders by the Sea of Galilee, for example—Mr. Hichens may also be relied upon to depict with great sympathy the singular charm which comes from the Syrian desert alone. The present volume is superbly and sometimes rather startlingly illustrated by Mr. Jules Guérin. Mr. Hichens and Mr. Guérin traveled on horseback from Baalbek to Jerusalem. Each spent Holy Week in the Holy City. The result is such a series of impressionistic sketches by pen and pencil as has not before been presented to the public. (The Century Company, New York. $6.)

The author of "The Bird in the Box," Mary Mears, writes from the depths of a conviction of life's seriousness. In a previous novel, "The Breath of the Runners," there was the same feeling for the dignity of labor and the power of love that is more fully brought out here. While at times the strain of genius is quite over-emphasized, yet the grouping of original and exceptional individuals not too detached from every-day life restores the balance, and the reader takes renewed interest in the story. The author's idea is expressed in a few words: Man has need of freedom, hence the marvels of his inventive mind shown in devices for chaining nature and annihilating space. Here stands out the eccentric figure of Emil St. Ives in the story. But man has need of freedom, and obtains it by pouring out affection as the freed bird sings. Here one finds Rachel, the brave, energetic, and loving girl and woman, who is strong enough to overcome for herself and to infuse strength into others who are not strong in themselves. The story is unusual, and, though uneven, is well worth reading. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.20.)

There is much that is not pleasing in Maarten Maartens's too faithful pictures of Dutch peasant life in his "Harmen Pols," and it will not be ranked with his more important novels. Yet it goes beneath the surface of sordid life to real motive and character, and even its tragic study of a narrow, secretive old man who has broken down beneath the burdens of bigotry and suspicion of wrong is done with a sure and strong touch. (The John Lane Company, New York. $1.35.)

Mrs. Harrison, best known by her pen-name, Lucas Malet, has told in "The Golden Galleon" a story of pathetic quality and human sympathy. The elderly maiden lady who really does not know whether her feeling for the rascal who has been her lodger is one of maternal affection or something deeper is saved from being ridiculous because she is presented tenderly and touchingly. There is an undercurrent of romance in the little book which rings true; the more one dislikes the Socialistic spouter and burglar who casts a glamour over Miss Miranda, the more the latter appeals to the reader's heart. (Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $1.20.)

"Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship," by Richard Watson Gilder, occupies a new place among discriminating tributes to character. Mr. Gilder modestly disclaims, in his work, any belief that he has rounded out completely the portrait of Mr. Cleveland, so often written and spoken about, but he certainly adds by intimate, delicate touches a charm and an appreciation that must awaken a quick response in the circle of friends still left, when these two friends, the writer and the subject, are gone. No one could do this as perfectly as Mr. Gilder, and by his wisdom, his rare tact, his loyalty, and his keen insight, he has given us a record of friendship that is an inspiration. To the eyes of his friend Mr.

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Cleveland's unconsciousness of his historic importance was a strong and unique characteristic. It was natural that he should have been especially gratified by Lowell's tribute that "he did his best." That was always his claim. In family and friendly life he displayed a simplicity, a keen wit, and a boyish humor that were delightful. An amusing example of his capacity for fun is given in an account of a farcical bestowal of prizes for the worst acrostic in a group of witty people. Mr. Cleveland won the prize, and his mock attack on the chairman, with his sudden "about face," make good reading. Every one knows he went fishing, but Mr. Gilder tells of especial excursions with Joe Jefferson and his son Charles, and the old captain of whose portrait (in the book) Mr. Cleveland wrote to Mr. Gilder that he "looked as though he was considering the propriety of 'taking a kind o' slant and going around ag'in.'" Once when Joe Jefferson and Mr. Gilder fled to the shore from the torrid noonday sun, Jefferson, looking at the ex-President and his own son at their labors in the broiling heat, quietly remarked, "Well, it is lucky for us that you and I can do something besides fish!" With such glimpses we are led to know Mr. Cleveland, in part, as his friends knew him, and we are so much the richer in faith for ourselves and others in all human relations. The book is most attractive in appearance, and has many good pictures. It is a happy presentation of both friends, revealing as much of nobility and sweetness of spirit in Mr. Gilder as of humor, strength, and tenderness in Mr. Cleveland. (The Century Company, New York. $1.80.)

We have hardly had in our time an actress more beloved and appreciated than Helena Modjeska. Her "Memories and Impressions" have now appeared. They will awaken, as they should, a natural interest on the part of any who were fortunate enough to have seen her as Rosalind or Lady Macbeth—to choose at random two dissimilar rôles from her large repertory. The book, however, will disappoint many. First of all, its style is over-exuberant, and, in the second place, much apparently insignificant detail seems to have been "lugged in." Aside from these defects, when one considers that English was not Madame Modjeska's native tongue, her memoirs will elicit the reader's admiration both as to manner and matter. They describe an extremely interesting life—the life of a self-made woman. It is certainly inspiring to turn page after page and read how the great actress was evolved. It is also a help to our comprehension of the dramatic art, and we appreciate better what that art ought to mean. Finally, the book is a record of friendships; and this record is not the least of its values. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.)

There is a certain attraction in a volume of "Italian Fantasies" by Israel Zangwill, but few readers will care to take them as a whole. The author delights in the interrogation mark, he loves to balance between two opinions, and to analyze historical references; yet he is by no means uncertain when he has his own conviction to express. He discourses, for instance, in fantastic fashion upon the discovery of a washing list in the handwriting of Lucrezia Borgia, and is led on to contemplate the modern taste for whitewash. He certainly reproduces on many of his pages the atmosphere of Italian streets and country roads. He loves a dashing phrase—as in an essay on "The Superman of Letters; or, The Hypocrisy of Politics," which he ends with, "It is for bad manners that Machiavelli has been boycotted." The germ of the book was published in "Harper's" some years ago, and is now expanded, without the illustrations by Louis Loeb. It will appeal to those men of leisure who love exercises of mental agility. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.)

Miss Irene A. Wright's "Cuba" is the one recent book about the island that well repays reading. It provides not merely knowledge, but interpretation. Most Americans who visit Cuba come away with definite ideas as to its picturesqueness, Spanish architecture, and commercial possibilities, but with an altogether puzzled feeling as to the character of the people. Miss Wright's book is largely one of impressions, but it is based on a residence of considerable length, and an experience in newspaper work and as a special agent of the Cuban Agricultural Department, and what she has to say is put tersely and sometimes with unsparing frankness. The chapters on home life in Havana, on the race question in Cuba, on the æsthetic and moral peculiarities of the Cubans, are graphic in more than an ordinary way, and really picture the habits, social traditions, and delinquencies of the people completely; the political aspects are not largely dealt with. To any one who has visited or plans to visit Cuba this book will afford a key to much that will not otherwise be understood. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.)

The author of "Against the Current," Dr. Edward A. Steiner, needs no introduction to readers of The Outlook, to which he has long been a welcome contributor. He tells in this book some of the early chapters of his own life—a complex life, as he calls it, not that he is not personally the most simple and natural of men, but because he lived in a little Hungarian town where Magyar, Slav, German, and Jew lived, if not quite in unity, at least in close propinquity. Racial and religious questions were very practical things, after the little Jewish boy once learned to his surprise that the Gentile playmates he loved were taught to regard him as of an inferior caste. His own instincts from the beginning were plainly toward brotherhood with all humanity, and when he became a Christian it was as plainly not so much the theology as the teaching of universal love and mutual

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helpfulness that moved and attracted him. How eagerly he has all his life contributed to spread this teaching and make it part of the world's life all know who have read his books, and particularly those dealing with our immigrants. It is an unusual thing for one to write about himself with both *naïveté* and dignity, but in this Dr. Steiner succeeds because his sincerity is free from self-consciousness. The book has more than a touch of humor, also; it is cheerful, has merit as a description of old-country life, and, in fact, exactly corresponds to that much-abused phrase "a human document." (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.)

The books of Mr. W. H. Hudson are less well known in this country than they deserve to be. We heartily commend "A Shepherd's Life" to those who can appreciate simple, natural description of the English open country, and especially to those who like good talk and good stories about dogs and sheep. Mr. Hudson has wandered leisurely over the great Wiltshire downs north of Salisbury Plains, has chatted on friendly terms with old shepherds and their wives, and has learned their ways intimately. There is no display or fine writing about his narrative; he is obviously immensely interested in the life he is describing, and he succeeds admirably in carrying his reader with him. The book is emphatically entertaining in its own gentle way, and in preserving a record of old-time customs and traditions it has historic value in a limited field, but one well worth gleaning. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.)

"Journeys Through Bookland," edited by Charles H. Sylvester, is one of the latest of a series of selections from literature which aim to bring into a moderate compass and for a moderate cost a varied and comprehensive choice from the best writings. In his preface the editor declares that the series of books represents a sincere effort to bring the best writing to the attention of boys and girls in such a way as to instruct and educate them by supplying good reading outside of school hours. The editor has long been a teacher, and has endeavored to bear in mind the suggestions and criticisms which he has heard in the course of his work. About one-third of the tenth or concluding volume of the series is devoted to talks with parents, giving practical suggestions about the selection and arrangement of reading for children. The books are clearly printed, and are of moderate size and weight. (The Thompson Publishing Company, Chicago.)

For very youngest readers Mr. Ebbutt's collection of stories entitled "Hero Myths and Legends of the British Race" may seem somewhat "grown up." But it certainly should be recommended to other readers. These stories have a common link in the attempt by their creators in early Britain to represent an ideal hero. Mr. Ebbutt begins his collection with Beowulf and ends with Hereward the Wake. The ideals thus differ as do the personal characteristics of the heroes. For example, Beowulf's physical valor is not Havelock's, and Diarmit's chivalry not Roland's. But, in general, the ideal hero, as the men of early Britain imagined him, stands forth in clear, if composite, outline. Of course, incidentally, the hero well illustrates certain national characteristics of the British race. The book has been interestingly illustrated. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $2.)

A story that has already given pleasure to thousands of readers is Mrs. Kate Langley Bosher's "Mary Cary." Its fun is natural and contagious, and its feeling and sentiment are sincere. Mary is a plain-spoken and astonishingly acute little orphan girl; her diary's comments on teachers and guardians and life in general are "pointed as a tack," as Eugene Field used to say; and her joy in kind and true-hearted people is as free and full as her naïve contempt for grown-up liars and frauds. She and her fellow-orphans are "sure enough children." There is a love romance whereby Mary Cary acquires a real aunt, and her exclamation, "Glorious Superbness!" fitly expresses her joy. The story is amusing, and something more. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.)

In his latest book, "Venice and Its Story," as in its predecessors, Mr. Thomas Okey helps those who would know more about the history of Venice. In the present volume we have a book not too large to be held in the hand, and yet large enough to give a handsome page, whether for print or for illustration. Both are remarkable. Though other histories of Venice are more notable from the standpoint of scholarship, we know of none more emphatically to be recommended to the general reader than this. Of course Mr. Okey does not neglect the history of Venetian architecture and painting; indeed, he gives no less than half the volume to a discussion of these subjects. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.)

The publication of "The Poems of Cynewulf" in a new translation into English prose by Dr. Charles W. Kennedy is one of the many indications of the interest in the beginnings of English literature, and of the thoroughness with which the early texts are being edited or translated and made available for the use of students of English literature. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2, net.)

Among recent reprints of English classics, Professor Thomas M. Parrott's "The Plays and Poems of George Chapman: The Tragedies" will be a very convenient and useful volume. It is printed on such light paper that "The Tragedies" are brought within the compass of a book of moderate size, and, above all, of comfortable weight. Dr. Parrott has contributed a general preface, introductions to the plays, and copious notes. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.)

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LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

THE PARCELS POST AND MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

I read with interest the letter in The Outlcok regarding the fear of large mail order houses on the part of small merchants as an obstacle to the parcels post law. For several years I have lived with my family in college or university towns. Little by little we have come to purchase almost all our supplies, including groceries and garments, from the large mail order concerns to which your correspondent refers. The saving is considerable. This fall I bought an excellent business suit in this way for $13.75. One of my colleagues got a suit of similar, if not identical, materials of a local tailor for $40. The local merchants are displaying suits that are indistinguishable from mine for $20 to $22. I could give many other illustrations of similar savings. Now, it will appear to many that I am pursuing a very reprehensible course in not patronizing home merchants, and thus contributing to the prosperity of the local community. However, I have acted with a good conscience. The State employs me at a salary which requires the closest economy to live upon it. In ten years of teaching I have been able to save and invest only $1,250. I notice my local grocer drives about in a fine buggy. I am not able to buy any sort of horse and buggy, much less keep one. Our clothing, dry-goods, and shoe dealers dash through our streets in $3,000 and $4,000 automobiles. I never dream of being able to buy one myself.

What is the meaning of all this? Simply that they are, with all their complaints about the encroachments of the mail order business, reaping handsome profits. If I patronize local merchants, shall I be helping the community or helping them buy the latest models of motor cars? I mention the motor only for the sake of being concrete. All the other aspects of the lives of these men and their families are apparently equally affluent.

Many other men in this university are doing as I do, and none of us are without local pride. We simply know of no other way to do and stay out of debt. Would it not be worth while for the local merchant to ask himself whether he does not owe something to the community, a service which he can perform by reducing prices to the point that will give him a fair return on his risk, rather than his present exaggerated return? And, by the way, it seems to me that the retailers are as much responsible for the present high cost of living as are the trusts and the tariff. Is it just to the public that they should make from 40 to 100, and even higher, per cent on an article for merely selling it? They must have good returns, of course, for they run many risks; but we people of small salaries feel that the retailer is getting more than his share. We university people have very little patience with the claim that the high prices are due to our extravagant habits. The only extravagance *we* see is that flaunted before us by those who charge us fancy prices for the necessities and comforts of life.

I should be very glad to have the editors or the readers of The Outlook tell me whether I am doing wrong in thus sending to mail order houses instead of buying at home.

A PROFESSOR IN A STATE UNIVERSITY.

THE AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLARS AT OXFORD

In recent issues of your periodical there have been numerous allusions made to the American Rhodes scholars at Oxford. As a graduate of that University and as an American, I feel justified in publishing the experience I gained during my four years' sojourn there. While I was not a Rhodes scholar, yet I had the good fortune to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with a number of men from our American institutes of learning who had won scholarships at the various colleges at Oxford. During my freshman year at Oxford, 1905–6, public opinion undoubtedly looked with disappointment on the average American Rhodes scholar. Oxford, before their arrival, had expected the Americans that were to come in a body to be of an exceptionally high type of undergraduate, distinguished in learning, more than expert in athletics, especially charming in their manner—in a word, paragons in every way. Oxford had expected too much.

There arrived in the beginning of the term instead a number of estimable, hard-working, serious men, and not youths, who, despite their unquestioned proficiency in athletics, etc., were on the average four, five, and even six years the seniors of their English fellow-freshmen, just released from the strict discipline of their Eton, Rugby, and Harrow, whose youthful buoyancy and exultation at their new-found freedom was in striking contrast to the settled dispositions of the Americans, most of whom had four years or so at an American university to their credit, and who came to Oxford with a fixed purpose from the start. It did not take them a year to accustom themselves to the fact that they were their own masters and no longer school-boys. Yet in the face of these differences of character, surroundings, and previous experience, it is wonderful and highly commendable that the average Rhodes scholar succeeded in making friends and in conforming to his surroundings as successfully as he did.

There is no doubt, however, that many of the men chosen from the States to go to Oxford were characters that, had they been deputed to Yale, Harvard, or Princeton, would, socially at any rate, have encountered the same obstacles that confronted their general popularity in Oxford. These men, as a rule, were delegates from distant

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rural districts of this country, from small colleges and institutions, whose very knowledge of their own country was limited, and whose experience of the world and its ways was, to say the least, extremely prejudiced.

Two years, however, were sufficient to insure the standing and to procure respect for the "official Americans" at Oxford, and it is with pride that one thinks of the Americans who have since made their reputation there as good fellows, and who have also won their laurels as athletes and scholars. The first clubs of the University—the Bullingdon, Vincents Club, etc.—have numbered Rhodes scholars among their most prominent and active members. Many an Oxford man will look back with pleasure to the evenings when, surrounded by an enthusiastic audience, a genial Kentuckian twanged his guitar to the Southern lays he sang.

Another American, a Yale graduate at Christ Church, earned fame by initiating many an attentive gathering of young "bloods" from Eton into the mesmeric mysteries of the rag-time. The representative from Princeton who last year won his place on the victorious Oxford Rugby XV can be cited as another case of a marked number of Rhodes men who were in every way successful at Oxford. The fact that a great deal could be done towards making the start of a Rhodes scholar a good deal easier is undoubtedly true, and the remedy lies with us in America. First of all, the advantages of a three years' course at the first university of England should be so stated by the scholastic authorities in this country that the competition for scholarships would become doubly keen. There are not time and space for me to enlarge on the opportunities that are given every man with an open mind and an average intelligence who goes to Oxford. Their name is legion. It is the duty of every American Oxford man to give his successor a short preparation, a useful hint or two of that which is before him. The average Briton at Oxford is a gentleman, and, as one, is hospitable to the extreme, and, his proverbial reticence once overcome, is as good a fellow in every way as you can find the world over.

New College, Oxford, was founded way back by one William of Wykeham. His motto is now blazoned on the arms of the college, and reads, "Manners makyth man." Can this not be applied to some of our college men who are heading towards Oxford, that Mecca full of traditions of glorious bygone days, retaining the stamp of innumerable famous men who matured in its shadow?

G. J. S. W., B.A. Oxon.

A WORD FOR THE MOTOR CYCLE

May I enter a protest against Mr. Edward Martin's semi-humorous remark in a recent Outlook, "They say that riding motor cycles is a pretty good sport for any one who is duly hardened to the degradation of it"? I know that automobilists have hard feelings toward motor cyclists—of which more later—but also people who should be unprejudiced seem to consider a motor cycle as a thing of innate depravity, and this I much deplore.

This prejudice seems to be based on several grounds: the appearance of the riders and the speed and noise of the machines. It is true that some riders do offend on all these points, but then so do many automobilists. The majority of motor cyclists now dress neatly, ride moderately, and keep their mufflers closed. I ride my fifty miles and appear as clean and neat as any occupant of a car.

The dislike of the car-owner for the motor cycle is, I think, due to his feeling that he is cock of the walk and to his consequent chagrin when a motor cycle glides easily by his heavy lumbering vehicle. The reciprocal dislike of the cycle rider for the car is due to the fact that autos almost always ignore the cyclist's right to a fair part of the road. Repeatedly this summer I have had cars pass me, while going in the same direction, with never a warning toot of the whistle. I have always conscientiously blown my horn when passing cars, but I am neglecting it now at times.

What is there to be said in praise of the motor cycle? Like the car, it takes its rider far out into the freshness of the country. Yet, with the speed and hill-climbing ability of the best cars, it costs one-fifth to one-tenth as much; its mileage per gallon is five times as much; no expensive garage is necessary.

It is thoroughly comfortable. With the large saddle and tires of the present machine, I would rather ride fifty miles on a motor cycle than be tossed about on the rear seat of a car.

It *is* respectable. There are more motor cycles than cars in Germany, and I think in Great Britain also. In this little town I know of five college graduates among the motor cyclists.

There is a remarkable *esprit de corps* in the fraternity. I have never had my machine disabled and had a fellow motor cyclist pass by without stopping and offering his assistance. Imagine an automobile stopping and offering to help one which was in trouble! We have an informal agreement here that if one of us gets stranded, he has but to telephone and one of us will go to his assistance at once. And in passing a motor cyclist on the road it is customary to raise the right hand in salute.

Let us give the motor cycle a fair show and judge it without prejudice. We enthusiasts believe that it will eventually preponderate in this country, as it does abroad.

CARLETON A. SHAW.

Groton, Massachusetts.

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